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THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF WORCESTER LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S WESTMINSTER  
AFTER THEIR WEDDING ON THE 14TH OF JUNE.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## THE LANDOWNER'S POSITION

AT the annual general meeting of the Central Landowners' Association Lieutenant-Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox, in a very manly and patriotic speech, explained frankly the position of landowners at the present time. The association is increasing in membership, but not at the pace which is to be desired. As a class, the owners stand in a position surrounded with danger. Among these perils Nationalisation was placed first by Colonel Lane-Fox. The demand for it is the most important item in the programme of the Labour Party, and they calculate upon winning for it a very great deal of support. It would be an act of folly on the part of landowners to blind themselves to this danger. They have a stiff fight in front of them, but their position is not without advantages; for one thing, the country has been educated to a greater knowledge of their difficulties and responsibilities. This is in large measure due to the discussion that followed upon the tragic result of the run upon the land that occurred after the war was ended. Many more people nowadays have had practical experience of the difficulties that ownership of land entails. They have seen that post-war agriculture is, now, far from being a gold mine. Those farmers who eagerly bought their holdings have been disappointed. Land has fallen in value and so have prices. This has occurred to an extent that shows how widely operating must have been the cause. Only the very best have escaped. There is always one man in a hundred who can make good when the odds are all against him, and that one man in a hundred furnishes the solitary case of success under the severe handicap placed upon the small landowner. He bought his land at a very high price in the expectation

that the property he had acquired would increase in value. Temporarily, at least, it has done the reverse, while the expense involved has not been decreased in proportion. No one disputes these facts now because all who know what is going on in the country are perfectly aware of the struggles and privations that have been imposed on the new landowners. There is, however, a partial calming of the waters. The country never fails in sympathy with a clear case of hardship. Nor is the country disposed now to blame the landowners for the fall in the labourer's wages. They see that it was inevitable. Another point in favour of the landlord is that the country is weary of bureaucratic administration. The individual owner of land has bowels of compassion and a personal interest that are almost impossible of development in any business run by officials.

British agriculture reached its zenith when estates were administered by individual owners. To these, far more than to any other class, is due the pre-eminence to which British agriculture was raised. They gave their mind to the treatment of land, the choice and growth of crops, the increasing value of their flocks, herds and studs, and in every way took a leading part in forming and applying a policy of agriculture. They did not call upon or wait for the enunciation of policy by ministers or any others who were in authority, but worked at these things themselves. We owe a great item of prosperity—the splendid breeds of cattle, horses, sheep and pigs—to the great county families always in the way of producing one of their number who made the improvement of the estate his life work. It would be courting disappointment to expect that salaried officials would be able to follow an example like this and, of course, Labour is extremely keen on having officialdom wherever possible. It places within the party a means of rewarding what is accounted skill in its members and providing a multitude of places to satisfy the demands of the faithful. Colonel Lane-Fox held up a fine ideal for the landowners; he advised them not to look on their acres merely as material out of which to raise revenue. They must not wholly regard their own pockets, but place first the increased productivity of the land and the interest of the country at large; in other words, they must take a broad, catholic and liberal view of their responsibilities. They are, at the present moment, regaining the popularity that used to be theirs without any seeking. When the critical moment that they are expecting arrives, they should be in a position to show that under their direction the wages of labour have become more nearly adequate to the demands of the household and that the land is growing larger and finer crops every year. For a long time they would be engaged in regaining the position and influence which they, through no direct fault of their own, temporarily lost; but as the land begins to show the result of the greater care bestowed upon it, all classes will feel the benefit. Colonel Lane-Fox was emphatic in urging that the agricultural interest is one interest. It is not even a combination of the interests of the owner, the tenant and the labourers. The wealth produced from land and the advantages incidental to greater production will right many things that are wrong just now. They will give to the farmer better profits, and to the labourer better wages. The landowner, too, will be benefited if he possesses the patience and perseverance which are required to produce a change so marked in the returns on land. In the past the landlord has been the great reserve behind the tenants and the labourers. In seasons when our fickle climate refused to create the conditions in which profitable crops can be grown the landlord many a time delayed the collection of rent and often did not collect it at all. He was generally the first to see whether a novelty had possibilities in it or not, and he knew the character of each man on his estate, so that he was able to distinguish between those who were willing but unfortunate and those who were habitually idle. There is no reason that he should not regain some part of the position, at least, which he held so long and so well.

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## COUNTRY NOTES

IT was right and proper that the Prime Minister should avoid everything like party politics at the annual dinner of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust at Oxford. Mr. Baldwin rose far above politics. He said in his own frank and simple way that the old civilisation of Western Europe slowly built up in the course of seventeen centuries through the efforts of saints and soldiers, kings and statesmen, is cracking to-day. He did not use this language despairingly, but as a rallying cry. He looks forward to what will be accomplished by those who at present are young, and particularly to the coming generation of the British race. Very finely he brought in the Americans as part of the British. In his allegory he saw England as an orchard which to the uttermost corners of the world has sent forth new growths from its old stock. Different conditions and particularly different climates have modified the original stock, especially in the United States of America, where many grafts have been grown on it. The fruit, therefore, must differ, but it will have many qualities in common with the original source. Cecil Rhodes, when he founded these scholarships, no doubt was looking forward to a time very like the present, when the future would be gloomy if it were not in the hands of those who had Anglo-Saxon civilisation in their blood.

IT was sudden and sad news that Maurice Hewlett was dead—an announcement that shocked as much as it surprised the reading public. It is true that Hewlett announced about eight years ago that his literary career, in a sense, was over and that in the future what little he wrote would be a relentless exposure of his own thoughts and experience without reference to any public outside. It was an experiment that proved eminently successful. One would have thought that before that time came Hewlett would have exhausted his material. His literary career may be said to have begun in earnest with the publication of "The Forest Lovers," a novel with which his name got associated in many minds to the exclusion of everything else. The memory of "The Forest Lovers" seemed to dwindle the appreciation of his admirers for later work, which he valued much more highly. He disliked being alluded to as the author of "The Forest Lovers" as bitterly as Swinburne resented the almost invariable reference to "Atalanta in Calydon."

THE fact was, that in the novel form his genius did not find its best medium for expression. There was something that always halted in the story, as if the author were more bent on drawing a model than telling a tale. In his later career he ventured more and more into the realm of verse, and did not find his spiritual home there either. It is in the little essays which he contributed to newspapers during the last eight or ten years of his life that the best of Maurice Hewlett is to be found, the best in style as well as in matter; the best in learning, too. Hewlett had an intellect that would have enabled him to achieve fame in any direction; and it is curious that in the little essay he found, as Petrarch did in the sonnet, the key wherewith to unlock his heart. Of his taste in gardening more anon. Probably "A Discourse on Pæonies" in this week's issue is the last article that he wrote.

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH and Miss Rebecca West were the protagonists the other evening at one of the series of lectures and counter-lectures delivered at the London School of Economics. The subject was the ever-interesting one: "Is there any alternative to the Sex Novel?" In this connection it is worth keeping in mind that the French, who are the most assiduous novel readers in the world, have, for the time being, got tired of the sex question. The writers of fiction have been obliged to try and discover what other elements of human life possess that quality of surprise and interest which is the only real support of any novel. Miss Kaye-Smith, whose answer to the question was in the negative, made a protest against the classification of novels as sex and non-sex. As a matter of fact, the earlier novels, which we take to have been the accounts of battles and adventures recounted at the festive board of the time by writers, some of whom spoke in prose and some in verse, were more occupied with the high deeds of the warrior than the adventures of the lover. The lover in those days was not so important as he is to-day. The knight who was victorious took from the enemy whom he had conquered not only his horse, his spear and the rest of his equipment, but also his lady-love. That was a custom handed down from antiquity, as we may gather from various passages in Homer, including the passing into slavery of Andromache, the wife of Hector Briseis, Tecmessa and various other beautiful captives made in the process of war. It looks like a barbarous habit from our point of view, but it was a great advance upon the still more brutal methods of primitive man.

### FROM THE COUNTRY.

In this my time of holiday,  
My idle thoughts, like thistledown,  
Rise up into the shining air,  
And swaying, swinging, floating there,  
Pause for a moment on their way,  
Then drift, with one accord, to town.

And you, my dear, who dwell afar,  
Where smoke and many voices are,  
Should surely see, through dusty pane,  
White thistledown blow up the street—  
The errant children of my brain  
Come seeking you in dirt and heat.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THIS should be kept in mind, because the glorification of love, first by minstrel and troubadour, and in our day by novel writers, led to a far greater refinement in the relation between the sexes. People are apt to forget that salient fact when scoffing at the love affairs on which the novelist of a certain type bases his claim to attention, but sex need not always be the basis of the story. A work of fiction ought to represent a little world of its own, and the fuller it is of the interest in which mankind is engaged the greater will be its appeal to readers. Classification of any kind of art, and particularly of literature, can be overdone. You cannot call "Tom Jones" a sex novel, although it has a love story running through it. Its greatness depends chiefly upon the living characters from a living world which Fielding has been able to place on paper. "Don Quixote" has been the most widely read of novels; yet, the hero's worship of Dulcinea del Toboso is only a mockery and not nearly so interesting as the pictures of life which Cervantes saw with a clear eye and could put down on paper with unexcelled skill. "Don Quixote" cannot possibly be called a sex novel, yet it is the greatest novel of all time; that, in reality, is a fact far more worthy of consideration than the discussion as to whether or not there is an alternative to the sex novel.

THE Government has acted wisely in making many important concessions in regard to the re-assessment of property outside the metropolitan area. They were announced by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Financial Secretary of the Treasury, on Monday night. Sir William frankly admitted that the Treasury had had enough of the agitation and were desirous that it should end. A



little reflection beforehand would have avoided it, which was by far the better course. The concessions announced are an extension for appeals to September and a promise of readjustment in the case of those who have not had due notice up to April 5th, 1925. A very useful step taken is to give the taxpayer the statutory right to be represented by anyone—"even his wife"—as his agent. Formality is, indeed, reduced to its lowest dimensions. If the tenant likes to write on the back of a letter "I appoint Mr. So-and-so as my agent," that will be a valid document. Also a statutory right is granted to the tenant to have his assessment reduced if during the next five years the value of the property has decreased. A scale of deductions from the gross assessment has been drawn up, too, for repairs. Sir William Joynton-Hicks, in announcing that these concessions will cost the Treasury £1,500,000, referred to statements that tax inspectors had, by rule of thumb, added 20, 30 or 40 per cent. to the last assessment, and declared that if anyone produced instances, he would see that the re-assessment was at once remedied.

THE maintenance of historic houses was the subject of a speech by Lord Lascelles at the annual meeting of the National Art Collections Fund. He dealt especially with those maintained for the public. During the past century our country homes have slowly come to be recognised for the priceless heritage that they are. Interest and sympathy in them have grown, as have the numbers of their visitors. Hundreds of houses are opened occasionally—some weekly and a few daily on application; and the owners are thereby supporting for the nation, not museums, but so many living epitomes of our history and art. Yet, their resources have never been so precarious nor the costs of upkeep so heavy; to which is added a huge increase in rates. The owner of a national asset such as Knole, Chatsworth, Burghley, Penshurst and Hardwick spends thousands a year on upkeep. Yet, so far from being assisted, he is penalised.

IN this week's issue no list appears of contributors to our Box Hill Fund. That is not a sign of slacking, however, but is only due to pressure on our space. As a matter of fact, we hope to give a very satisfactory list of contributors in next week's issue. Among them is a contribution which is accompanied by a very charming letter giving a reason that has not been previously mentioned for acquiring the land at Box Hill. After jestingly informing us that his contribution is not due to Derby winnings, the writer, Mr. W. E. F. Macmillan, goes on to ascribe it "to my appreciation, as a botanist, of the extraordinary wealth of the chalk flora on the area which I understand to be in question, and which I should be sorry to see lost to the nation." Needless to say, our fullest sympathy is extended to our contributor. One of the most delightful features of the land we are seeking to purchase is the lovely and diversified flora.

THE famous Advocates' Library in Edinburgh has so many interesting associations connected with it that one cannot avoid a certain regret that it should be transferred to the City of Edinburgh so as to become the foundation of a great Scottish National Library. It is a great addition to the possessions of Edinburgh, but the identity of it as the Advocates' Library can scarcely be retained in an institution which should be a repository of all that is most valuable in the bibliographic possessions of Scotland. The Advocates' Library has been, during the two hundred years of its existence, a wonderful place of reference for students and writers. It contains, among other treasures, many of the State and other papers which are the authorities on which Scottish history is written, and, in addition, there are many things in it priceless to the collector; such, for example, are the fourteen autograph letters of Mary Queen of Scots.

AFTER sojourning for two years in the United States the Open Championship Cup has come home again and will be extremely welcome. Arthur Havers, who won it, is a very good golfer; he has won at just the age when

he should play better still, with added confidence, and he is in every way a right and proper champion—a fine, modest, athletic young man. While we rejoice over our victory, we should pay a tribute both of admiration and sympathy to the golfers from America who so narrowly lost the day. Hagen and Macdonald Smith made a great effort to keep the Cup, and Hagen had certainly none of the best of luck. Moreover, they were deprived of the help of Barnes and Sarazen, who most unexpectedly fell by the wayside in the qualifying rounds. The weather is, in theory, the same for all, but in practice, no doubt, the cold and the wet told more heavily against those who are accustomed to regard golf as a hot-weather game. It is a pity that there should have been a good deal of rather ill informed comment on the subject of iron clubs with "punched" faces. The rule on the point in this country is well known, and to talk of the sudden "barring" of these clubs gives a false impression.

#### THE WILLOW WREN.

How easily the sweet notes drop  
Like golden apples down a stair,  
Like water flowing over stones  
Or falling through the air.

To what Aladdin's cave of sound,  
O fairy bellman, elfin bird,  
Pass the spilled jewels of thy throat  
Since first their chime was heard?

What poet, aching for life's loss,  
Adrift in dark, unspeaking space,  
Shall stumble on the cloudy door  
Of that enchanted place?

Ah, how this multiplied desire,  
Like leaves the summer woods that throng,  
Shall open out and drink, and drink  
That rain of garnered song!

ANNA DE BARY.

"A MISCHIEVOUS inquiry" was the Duke of Rutland's description of the Domestic Service Inquiry, and it thoroughly expresses the opinion of all sensible people. The theorists who advocated so many evenings off and the abolition of "late dinner," which, they affirmed, is nothing but a fetish, merely aggravate the question and poison the minds of contented maids. Were they adopted, thousands of housewives would make up their minds in despair to carry on by themselves. For the Socialist witnesses have deluded themselves, as usual, into seeing the mistress as a lazy tyrant and the servant as a slave, forgetting that the housewife is one of the hardest workers in the world. The age-long relation between mistress and maid is a far finer thing than any that theoretical regulations can ever substitute.

AT a luncheon given in connection with the formation of the Hemyock Young Farmers' Calf Club a very interesting scheme was mooted. Its object, as explained by Mr. S. M. Gluckstein, who was in the chair, was to provide the necessary financial assistance for conducting a test in Devonshire in order to ascertain the best breeds of dairy cattle. The ultimate object is the introduction of English dried milk; in other words, it is an attempt to make use of the surplus when there is an over-supply of milk—as is occurring at the present moment, for example. Of course, that would lead to a very considerable renewal of activity in the dairy farming industry, because one of its handicaps at the moment is that at certain seasons in the year the abundant milk supply exceeds the demand. A considerable body of experts attended the meeting and presumably will co-operate.

CRICKET—from the point of view, at any rate, of the ordinary spectator—has been perceptibly more exhilarating of late, mainly through the remarkable batting of "Young Jack" Hearne and Hendren for Middlesex. The man in the street loves best a cheerful hitter. If he cannot get that, he likes a man who makes a hundred. Hearne,



by his impeccable methods, has made three in succession, and Hendren, though he has become more stolid and less dashing than of old, has already made five hundreds this year. He is not the great and classic batsman that Hearne is, but he is an invaluable complement to him. The achievements of neither of these batsmen are, however, as dramatic as those of Lord Harris. The books of reference tell us that he was born in 1851; yet, on Saturday last,

playing for the Lords and Commons against the Eton second eleven, he first made thirty-one runs and retired undefeated, and then, when the first two Eton batsmen made an obdurate stand, he broke up the long stand by means of insidious lobes and went on to take three more wickets. To be got out by an "old gentleman" with a lob is usually hard for a boy to bear, but these four boys must have felt it, we may hope, a glorious fate.

## THE ROBINSON COLLECTION

BY TANCRED BORENIUS.

AS one of the most important events in a season of art sales which promises to be exceptionally memorable, we must undoubtedly rank the dispersal, at Messrs. Christie's, on July 6th, of the collection of pictures, chiefly by the Old Masters, formed by Sir Joseph D. Robinson, Bt., of South Africa. Remarkable in this collection are both the high standard of artistic merit of the examples and the comprehensiveness with which various schools and periods are represented in it; and there is this further attraction to the amateur, that, although not a few of the pictures have figured at loan exhibitions in the past, this gathering of pictures must, as a collection, be known to very few people.

Among the Italian pictures, attention is more especially attracted by two large panels which originally adorned the fronts of a pair of wedding chests or *cassones*. As in so many *cassone* panels, the subjects in the present instance are chosen from classical mythology—a province of subject matter for the exploiting of which the *cassones* offered welcome opportunities at a time when the subjects of the great majority of other pictures were derived from religious history. The two panels in the Robinson Collection are probably the work of a Florentine artist of the time—about 1500—called Bartolomeo di Giovanni, a pupil and assistant of the famous Domenico Ghirlandaio. The story depicted in these two panels is that of Jason and Medea, a number of consecutive incidents in the story being shown alongside one another in one picture; the one here reproduced being the later part of the story. The first incident is seen in the foreground, to the left, where Jason appears at the banquet of Pelias, and the idea of the quest of the Golden Fleece is first suggested to the hero. The latter is seen again, on horseback, in the background further to the left, accompanied by his followers, and still further back, Argo, the ship, is being prepared for the expedition. Then, close by, but towards the centre of the picture, Jason has already got to Colchis and is seen conferring with Medea: the latter reappears, seen through an archway in the palace of Pelias, casting a spell on the dragon guarding the Golden Fleece, and, below, the monster is being slain by Jason. Then the scene shifts to the extreme foreground on the right, where Jason is ploughing with the two fire-breathing bulls, and the warriors, rising from the ground, are engaged in an internecine fight. Further back, by the shore of the sea, the Golden Fleece is being conveyed by Jason and Medea to the ship. Seven or eight incidents in a story are thus depicted in one single composition; and the whole is perfectly enchanting through its *naïveté*, through the romantic way in which the classical story is travestied into something much more closely akin to the artist's own time, and through the gaiety of the colour and the gracefulness of the figures, in several of which there is a distinct echo of Botticelli's peculiar swaying rhythm of movement and sensitiveness of expression.

The selection of examples of the Dutch and Flemish schools is somewhat tantalising, as the Netherland schools

are extremely well and plentifully represented in the collection. Pride of place is, however, undoubtedly due to the magnificent "Portrait of a Gentleman" by Frans Hals, so simple



T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. A PAGE. (Unfinished.)

and imposing in its design, so characteristically sober and reserved in its scheme of colour, so powerful and direct in its characterisation—a typical example of all that is best in that long series of portraits of strong and shrewd Dutch burghers which forms one of the chief glories of Dutch seventeenth century art. As noted on the canvas by Frans Hals himself, the picture was painted in 1639, when the sitter was fifty-two years of age, no other data concerning the identity of the person being available. The picture thus



BARTOLOMEO DI GIOVANNI(?) LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE. FLORENTINE. Circa 1500.

belongs to the late middle period of Frans Hals' long career (he was born in 1580 and died in 1666); it was formerly in the collection of Mr. Anthony Gibbs, and later in that of Mr. S. H. de Zoete. As for Rembrandt, he is represented in the Robinson Collection principally by an impressive portrait of an old man seated in meditation, a late work known to students from the reproduction of it in Dr. Bode's monumental work on the artist; while an earlier example is the attractive portrait of a young girl, usually identified with Rembrandt's sister, Lisbeth van Rijn—an oval, signed and dated 1633. A portrait of a gentleman by Bartholomeus van der Helst is a characteristic example of Dutch seventeenth century portraiture, while among the work of contemporary Flemish artists we note a pair of portraits of Monsieur and Madame de Witte, by Van Dyck.

The Dutch seventeenth century painters of interiors are present in the Robinson Collection with several examples of unusual importance. We note, in the first instance, two works by Pieter de Hooch: one, an interior with cavaliers and ladies, showing the contrast, so characteristic of the master, between the cool and shady room, with its chequered marble floor and the sunlit garden outside, into which a glimpse is obtained through a door in the background; and the other a garden scene representing a less familiar but equally charming section of Pieter de Hooch's work. By Jan Steen there is an excellent variation on that theme so dear to him, "The Visit of the Doctor"; and there are also two beautiful specimens of the work of Jacob van Ochtervelt, who, while at the moment not yet so well known as some of the other Dutch painters of interiors,



GONZALES COQUES, P. GYSELS AND A. GERINGH. SCENE IN THE GARDENS OF A PALACE.



is already beginning to attract the attention to which he may deservedly lay claim, both through his exquisite feeling for colour and light and his whimsical gracefulness of design. We have chosen for reproduction an "Interior with Cavaliers and Ladies," by Eglon van der Neer, a much-travelled artist of the school of Amsterdam, not to be confused with Aert van der Neer, the well known painter of moonlight landscapes, who was his father. Eglon van der Neer is not very frequently or fully represented in English public collections, though there is a "Lady in Red" drawing, by him at Hertford House, and a religious subject, "Judith," came to the National Gallery through the Salting Bequest. The Robinson picture shows him in an exceptionally favourable light, and is eminently characteristic of its period—the late seventeenth century—in the pomp and swagger of which the whole conception of the scene and the actors in it are expressive. A Flemish seventeenth century painter of groups and figures on a small scale is Gonzales Coques, nicknamed "The Small Van Dyck." By him there is, in the Robinson Collection, an interesting and attractive "Scene in the Gardens of a Palace," in which we are shown in the foreground a group of ladies and gentlemen, with their pet animals, gathered round a table, which stands on a terrace close to a marble portico, while in the distance is seen a formal Dutch garden. This picture, like many another work by Gonzales Coques, affords a noteworthy illustration of the fact, that the idea of the collaboration of several artists in one picture was at that time looked upon as something by no means extraordinary, for the landscape and animals in this picture are painted by P. Gysels and the architecture by yet a third artist, A. Gheringh.

The decorative value of flowerpieces of the type usually labelled "Baptiste"—after the French artist Jean-Baptiste Monnoyer—is often not to be underrated even in fairly humble and craftsmanlike productions. The heights to which some of the Dutch seventeenth century flower painters occasionally could rise are exemplified in the magnificent "Vase of Flowers," by Jan van Huysum, the "Phoenix of Flower and Fruit Painters," as he was called. And of Melchior d'Hondecoeter's superbly effective poultry yards there is also one very fine specimen in the collection.

The French section of the collection is not a very extensive one, but includes a series of landscapes and figures on a big scale by François Boucher—"Evening," "The Fortune Teller," "Love's Offering" and "The Love Message"—all of them formerly in the collection of the Marquise de Ganay, and very striking examples of a type of decorative composition which Boucher excelled in.

Among the English pictures collected by Sir Joseph Robinson there are several deserving of more than a passing notice. Almost all the great names of the eighteenth century are present, headed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whom there is, among others, a picture well known as the original of several engravings which have been made from it, the "Portrait of Mrs. Matthew," *née* Miss Ellis Smyth, second daughter of Mr. James Smyth of Tinny Park, Co. Wicklow, and wife of Francis Matthew, M.P., afterwards Lord Llandaff. The picture—painted in 1777—shows in a typical degree those qualities of extraordinary distinction and decorative effectiveness which characterise Sir Joshua at his best, in full-length portraits of women. The contrast between the long upright and the low and definitely marked horizon tells with great power. The landscape is charming, and the sturdy brown and white spaniel jumping up to his fair young mistress, so stately in her voluminous white satin dress, is a delightful and unhackneyed *motif*.

Of the Gainsboroughs, the unfinished "Page" has not been seen in public since it was lent to the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House in 1894, and will therefore be new to most people. It is another "Blue Boy," but freer in movement than the famous picture of that name; and before a picture like this, one realises with fresh vividness how greatly Gainsborough was indebted—through his teacher, Gravelot—to the French school of the eighteenth century. The head, which is completely carried out, is quite lovely in features and expression. The remainder of the picture—dress and landscape background—is just quickly brushed in. Altogether, a work which, if it had hung in a well known and publicly accessible collection, would, doubtless, long ago have become one of the most widely known and popularly appreciated pictures of the British school.

Space forbids me to do more than allude to a few of the other English pictures in the collection: Gainsborough's exquisitely graceful and delicate "Mrs. Drummond"; Romney's anonymous group of "Mother and Daughter," refined and distinguished, almost like an early Sir Joshua; and John Constable's large and bold sketch in oils for his picture of the embarkation of the Regent from Whitehall on the occasion of his opening Waterloo Bridge, June 18th, 1817, a most interesting work through the analogies and contrasts which it offers to the many views of the Thames by Canaletto and his followers.

From what has been said it will be seen that it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell that Messrs. Christie's rooms will be crowded with visitors during the opening days of July.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. PORTRAIT OF MRS. MATTHEW.



FRANS HALS. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. 1639.

## YACHTING IN THE SOLENT



ROUNDING THE MARK: A SMALL ONE-DESIGN CLASS ON THE SOLENT.

"THE smaller the boat the better the sport," is an old yachting saw, and, so far as racing is concerned, it is a true saying. The owner's relations with his craft are of a much more intimate nature than is the case in a large yacht, for, combining the offices of helmsman and skipper, the success or failure of the vessel depends mainly upon his skill and judgment. Although nowadays several large racing yachts are handled by their owners, it is still the exception rather than the rule, for more often than not the owner of such a craft does little more than act as timekeeper at the start.

Since the war several yachtsmen who formerly owned and raced vessels of important tonnage have joined the ranks of the

six-metre class, which is composed of the smallest boats scheduled under the International Rules. In doing so they, no doubt, have yielded to the exigencies of the times, for in these days of grinding taxation most people have to "live smaller," and even the wealthy are compelled to limit their expenditure on sport. Others, however, have been attracted to the class by the boats themselves, for the International Rule has produced a most desirable type of vessel, at any rate in the small classes. Whether it will prove equally successful for large yachts has yet to be seen, as nothing larger than six metres rating has hitherto hoisted a racing flag. Any doubt about the matter will, however, soon be set at rest, as a twelve metre cutter



Beken & Son.

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON AT COWES: THE INTERNATIONAL SIX METRES—K 11 FREESIA;  
K 29 CAPELLE; K 22 MAID MARION.

Copyright.



for Mr. J. R. Payne is in an advanced stage of construction at Fairlie from the design of Fife.

There can be no question but that the six-metre yacht produced under the present rule is a vast improvement upon its predecessor. The small yachts constructed under the first International Rule, which lapsed in 1919, were over-canvased, lifeless craft which were uninteresting to sail and not even fast. It was, indeed, with a view to improving the type that the present formula was adopted, and in this it has succeeded beyond expectations. The six-metre boats hitherto built under the rule are delightful little vessels. With a moderate sail area they are both fast and handy, and, thanks to their shorter overhangs and adequate freeboard, they are far better sea boats than the old yachts. It is, no doubt, these desirable qualities that have been the means of attracting to the class famous helmsmen such as Sir W. P. Burton, who for twenty years or more owned and raced vessels ranging in size from forty to one hundred tons.

No more perfect examples of the modern racing yacht exist than these six-metre boats which sail in the Solent and on the Clyde. They represent the latest ideas of our leading designers and are constructed with all the skill and finish for which British yacht yards are famous all the world over. Naturally, they are rather costly toys, and the sport must of necessity be confined

the season. The Nicholson-designed *Rose*, which, in the opinion of many, should have been included in the British team that went to America last year, has passed into the ownership of Mr. F. A. Richards, while the Mylne boat *Oni* has been sold by him to Mr. G. Jackson, who recently sailed her up to Scotland to join the Clyde division.

Particular interest attaches to the racing of the six-metre yachts this year as the third contest for the British-American Cup will take place in the Solent, commencing on August 1st. As Great Britain and America have each won once, the contest promises to be very exciting. Established in 1921, this contest has come to be regarded as one of the most sporting ever promoted, as the conditions are as fair to all concerned as it is possible to make them. Each country is represented by a team of four yachts, which are selected after the most searching trials, and six races are sailed. The winner of each race scores eight points, the second boat seven points, the third six points, and so on, the team securing the highest aggregate in the six matches being adjudged the winner. Last year, when our boats went to America, they suffered defeat by the narrow margin of seven points, a very creditable performance, considering that they were sailing in strange waters. The composition of the visiting team has not yet been decided, but it is probable that it will



*Beken & Son.*

SEA VIEW MERMAIDS. THIS CLASS WAS ESTABLISHED ONLY LAST YEAR.

*Copyright.*

to the comparatively wealthy. Nevertheless, a considerable number of them have been built, no fewer than twenty-eight appearing in the current issue of Lloyd's Yacht Register as owned by British yachtsmen. No more popular class has been established in this country since the days of the old length and sail area rule, and as the class has also been extensively built to in other countries, notably America, great possibilities of international sport have been opened up.

This summer the six-metre class promises to be stronger than ever, as four new yachts have been built, of which Fife is responsible for the lines of three and Nicholson for those of the fourth. The new Fife yachts are *Acacia*, Mr. G. F. Paisley; *Thistle*, Lady Baird; and *Betty*, Messrs. G. E. Haldinsein and J. C. Newman. The Nicholson recruit is *Capelle*, which carries the colours of Sir William P. Burton, who, it will be remembered, steered *Shamrock IV* in the last contest for the America Cup. As most of the yachts that raced last year are still available, the class is an exceptionally fine one. Several changes in ownership have to be recorded. *Jean*, formerly owned by Major Hon. Sir John Ward, which represented this country in the British-American contests of 1921 and 1922, has been bought by Mr. G. H. Goodricke, Commodore of the Royal Natal Y. C., who will sail her in the Solent matches throughout

include last year's crack *Lea*, which has been altered with a view to enhanced speed, and two new boats. These are *Ingomar*, designed by Hoyt, and *Hawk*, designed by Gielow. As the Americans have nearly as many craft from which to select their representatives as we have, it may be taken for granted that their team will be a very strong one.

As three of the four vessels that represented Great Britain last year hailed from Scotland, some little disappointment was felt in the North that the Clyde was not selected as the venue for this year's races. It was the opinion, however, of those responsible for the arrangements that the Solent was more suitable for such an event than the Clyde, which is notorious for the fickle nature of the winds that for the most part obtain there. Scottish yachtsmen will have their compensation at the end of the season, as a contest for the Seawanhaka Cup will take place on the Clyde. This international trophy was wrested from America last year by Mr. F. J. Stephen's *Coila III*, which formed one of the British team in the British-American contest. The Royal Northern Y. C. is responsible for the defence of the cup, for which the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. issued a challenge shortly after *Coila* had won it.

The only other Y.R.A. class racing regularly in the Solent this year is that for the 18-footers. Built under the old Boat



JEAN LEADS THE INTERNATIONAL SIX METRES AT COWES.

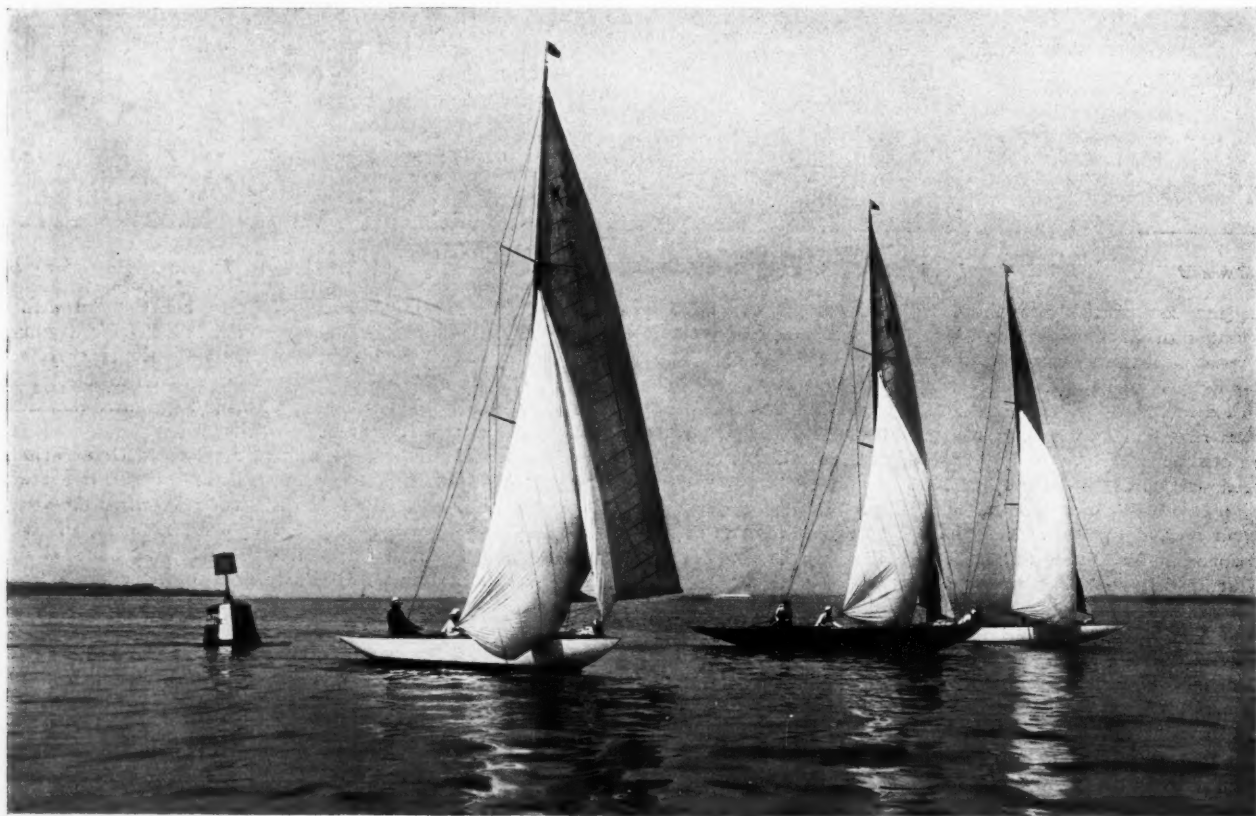
Racing Association rule and adopted by the Y.R.A. as an international class, the boats are capital little vessels for waters such as the Solent. The class, however, has not attained the same popularity as that of six metres rating, and the only boats likely to compete are the following: Prudence, Mr. Hargreaves Brown; Eve, Colonel P. P. Peebles; Asphodel, Colonel R. Sloane-Stanley; and Vanity, Mr. M. M. G. Neill.

For those who cannot afford to compete in the expensive Y.R.A. classes, plenty of sport is available in the numerous local one-design classes. In such classes the boats, all being built from the same design and of similar materials, are as equal in speed as it is possible to make them. As no alterations from the standard design are permitted, the boats can be built and

maintained at comparatively small cost, while the racing is extremely close and exciting. There is no more popular form of racing to-day than that provided by the one-design classes which have of late years sprung into existence all round the coast.

A particularly attractive class of this nature is that of the Sea View Mermaids, which was established last year and comprises nine boats. They are excellent little craft built by Messrs. Woodnutt and Co. from the design of Westmacott, measuring 19ft. 6ins. long by 6ft. beam, with a total sail area of 250 sq. ft. As might be expected, they keep close company throughout a race, and there is no prettier sight than a fleet of these bantams rounding a mark.

FRANCIS B. COOKE.





# ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND

BY PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY.

**T**HE technical processes of any art are of interest to the layman as well as to the practitioner. Indeed, they are often more so. The layman is apt to imagine that if he only knew the technique of an art he would be able to practise it. He feels confident that he has the necessary imagination. We all claim the artistic temperament nowadays and would as soon admit that we lacked it as that we lacked good taste or good breeding.

There is a certain general interest, therefore, to be gained from considering the different methods by which architecture is produced in this country and America. We have all learnt to admit by now that in town buildings their result is more satisfactory than ours, whereas in country buildings the reverse is the case. Let us take that for granted, then, and see whether the different ways in which the architects of each country work can be considered responsible for the result. My own opinion is that they can. It is not so much a matter of temperament, as one of training and organisation.

First, what are these differences in result? In what main way is American civic building better than our own, and in what way do we score in domestic work? I think the answer is easy, however diffident one is of easy generalisations. The success of American town building lies chiefly, in my opinion, in its impersonal character. It is reserved and remote, grand in scale, elegant, if rather frigid, in detail. Even in a small façade it is rarely intimate and individual. But this impersonal character is just the quality civic architecture should possess. It was the quality pre-eminently of our eighteenth century architecture, whether in town or country. If one can borrow a simile from clothes, our eighteenth century Palladian buildings always looked well cut. Without any great variety, they had definite distinction of style. It is this town style, this sense that they have been well tailored, that the new American buildings in their chief towns possess. They have none of the happy-go-lucky rusticity of our own new work. They are rarely over-exuberant, like the new buildings in Regent Street, or cut like "plus fours," as the insurance office in the Strand which has a Gloucestershire farmhouse split-stone roof. It is of the essence of town clothes that they should be a sort of uniform, that the licence in colour and individuality in cut, which may be permissible in the country or on the golf course, should be absent from them. Individuality of cut, if it appears at all, must appear with extraordinary discreetness. So it should be with town architecture, and so it was in the eighteenth century. What is wrong with our own urban building is that as architects we are too desirous to express in it our own individuality, too anxious to make our buildings different in shape, colour and texture from those of our neighbours. We think too little of the town and too much of ourselves. Our town buildings are too individual, too personal and, it must be confessed, too often too over-dressed.

In the country, however, all this is reversed. The sites and surroundings vary, neighbours are distant and personality can express itself. The very qualities—except the overloading with ornament, which is never successful—that make a failure of our town buildings make a success of our country ones. We want a country house to have marked individuality and character, and that is what our best English architects can be relied on to achieve.

The great difference between English and American architecture may be reduced, therefore, to this question of individuality. Let us see whether there is anything in the different ways in which the architects of the two countries work to correspond to this result.

The chief difference between the American architect's office and his English colleague's is one of size and organisation. The American architect either works in simple partnership with a number of colleagues, whom he calls partners or associates, or he employs in a salaried capacity persons who, by their training and experience, can share responsibility as a partner would. The resulting work is the work of a group rather than that of an individual. The final scheme has not only passed the criticism of many minds, but has had its birth in several. Obviously, this is only possible where there is some preliminary agreement as to the convention or style to be used, and where the methods of work among the partners are alike. If one partner designs to one scale on impervious paper and another to another scale on tracing paper, it is easy to see that ideas would not flow smoothly from one to the other. The fact that by now most American architects have either received their training in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris or one or other of the great American schools of architecture whose system follows that of the Ecole means that they have all learnt to approach their problems in the same way. By all working on tracing paper to a small scale to the last moment they are able to give to the work before them a long preliminary study in which the ideas each partner and designer has to offer are tried out and exhausted, till the best solution—or "parti," as it is called—is found. It is only

when this has been discovered and all are satisfied that the building is allowed to be crystallised into working drawings. When these are made, however, they are very different things to working drawings in this country. They are prepared with a dimensioned minuteness and exactness one might think not merely waste of time, but rather hampering even in the erection. We are a conservative people, who do not like to make up our minds too definitely or too quickly. In designing a building we like to leave a good many things for further consideration as the job progresses. There may be occasional advantages in this, especially in domestic work. But in America everything is settled in the draughting rooms before the job commences and the contract is let. It is settled, down to the run of every pipe and the position of every rivet. Separate large-scale drawings are made even of such uninteresting but necessary work as the plumbing. The result is that the building contractor knows exactly what he has to do from the very start, and can organise his work accordingly. That he will not have to make any alterations during the progress of the work, that he will have to cut through no floors or walls for pipes or electric light leads is a very considerable saving to him, both of time and money, and, consequently, to the client. To get the best for one's client's money is not the least among the aims of the architect, even in America, where money is so plentiful. Here, in the present stringency, it is more than ever important; and architects, if they are to retain their position, must take every possible step to ensure no waste of any sort through want of such foresight. I think the practice the American architect employs of making his large-scale details—which come between his general plans and his full-size drawings—to the large scale of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. to a foot instead of  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to a foot, tends in the same direction. Practically no detail of a building is too minute to be shown on this scale.

All this work on the drawings before the building starts means, of course, the employment of a large number of trained draughtsmen and the outlay of a great deal of money. It may be replied that the work over there by its size and expense warrants this, whereas the work over here does not. That may be true, and it is a point which will have to be met. At present we are only concerned in comparing the two methods of work and the results achieved. There is, however, a limit to the number of draughtsmen that can be usefully employed to each designing head. Mr. Corbett, the author of the London Bush Building, put the number to me at fifteen. He said that was the maximum number which could be efficiently employed: by which he meant that one real designer could not solve problems and turn out ideas at a faster rate than would satisfy the maw of fifteen draughtsmen all struggling to draw them out. I quite agree with him—indeed, the number seems to me alarmingly large. I should not like to have to keep fifteen draughtsmen always needing feeding with ideas as well as salaries. However, this number, which is largely exceeded in many offices, is explained by the thoroughness of American working drawings. It must be remembered, too, that over there they have no independent profession of quantity surveyor standing between the architect and the contractor and telling the latter how many bricks, how many tons of steel, how much plaster he will require. The contractor estimates directly from the drawings, so that these have to be complete in every respect or the contractor will turn round later and say such and such a thing was not shown. Indeed, I trace a good deal of the high quality of American working drawings to the absence of that very convenient gentleman we in England have all learnt to rely upon—and rely upon too much—the professional quantity surveyor.

The same thoroughness and organisation which are shown in the working drawings are to be found in other sections of the work. An American firm of architects, in anything like big practice—and it is such who carry out the city buildings we are discussing—keeps in its continuous employ a series of experts. It will have in the office an expert in steel construction, an expert in heating and ventilation, one in plumbing, another in writing specifications. All these men are recognised and are introduced to the clients. There is no pretence made that the architect himself or his partners are omniscient beings doing all the work themselves. Indeed, the American architect is very proud of his organisation, and one of the first things he impresses on his prospective client is the quality of the machine he can put at his disposal. He will display it and make the most of it, walking his client through his various draughting rooms and introducing him to the men who are going to help in the forthcoming work. He will not forget to show him the large centrally placed library in which are stored photographs and measured drawings of all the best buildings of the world, which buildings are to be in a real sense the parents of his new one, but he will also show him his costing department with its women clerks who total up each day the money spent on each job, his system of filing drawings, and all the other mechanical sides of his work. We in England,

so anxious to be thought artists, are a little ashamed of all this and hide it away as much as possible. But the American architect, realising that there is no inherent reason why the artist should not be an efficient practical person or, at any rate, part of an efficient practical organisation, holding rather that he must be if he wishes to be a good architect, is rightly proud of it.

This co-operative method of work in which no single individual claims the whole authorship or credit for the resulting work, nor is, indeed, entitled to, does seem to account both for the impersonal character of American civic architecture and its undoubted efficiency, which together make their modern town building so satisfactory. It means that the general standard of work is very high, and in a town it is the general standard, rather than the few individually good buildings, which is important. It means, however—and this must be faced—a few big architects' offices, fully equipped with specialists of all sorts, rather than a multitude of small men each struggling independently with a few small jobs and being rather overwhelmed when a big one eventually comes along. Are we prepared for the necessary combinations? Will the young English architect just starting practice on his own account be content with a seat in the office of the big firm of Messrs. Wren and Jones, even if his name appears only in small letters under theirs as an associate? If he is, and if he is treated as he would be in America, he will receive a fair salary and a small share in the profits of the firm which will put him in a far better, and, of course, much safer, financial position than he could hope to be for many years on his own account. But would his artistic ambition be satisfied? Would he be content to sink his personality in this way? I think, were he once convinced that this was the way to produce a series of really fine buildings and the only way, he would. But we have yet to see buildings produced like this in England. Perhaps, when the great Bush group in the Strand is finished, instead of less than a third of the scheme as at present, some may be converted. For, after all, it is not only the young man who has to be converted, it is the seniors who have the practice. It is they who have, in the first instance, to alter their methods. They are perfectly willing at present to receive the young men into their offices and to employ specialists if they have enough work, but they are not willing in the American way to recognise them. They are not willing, that is to say, to make the young men feel that they are an essential part of their organisation and as such are entitled to their share of the credit. I only know one who is—Sir John Burnet. But in America we have the great firm

of Messrs. McKim, Mead and White still going on, though McKim and White have long since been dead, and Mead is now a very old man with little influence on the work. One is inclined at first to resent this and say it is sheer commercialism—the trading on a goodwill which no longer exists. But that is the point: the goodwill not only exists, but the reason for it. The great machine, with the tradition it has built up, is still there. The same designers are at work who have been in it for the last ten years. American clients, if they employ a great firm like this one, or Messrs. Carrere and Hastings, Messrs. York and Sawyer, or half a dozen others equally celebrated, know that their building will be up to a certain definite standard of elegance and efficiency. They will know the great range of buildings to which the name of each of these firms is attached, and, knowing this, they would feel a certain safety in employing any of them even if none of the principals was still at work. American clients take their architectural responsibilities as seriously as their architects do theirs. They do not as often as English ones, apparently, give their big office buildings into the hands of their wives' cousins who have just opened offices, but have no other claim to be architects. The general tendency, there is no doubt, is for work to accumulate in the hands of the successful few, who thereby become more and more successful; but, up to a point, and as long as the resulting work is good, this seems to me to make for efficiency. I should not like to see this system grow up in England, however, unless the older men accepted the younger ones on terms of greater liberality. I do not want to see any architectural sweating, however beautiful our towns may become in the process. But now that there is an army of properly trained young men, which England to-day possesses equally with America—an army she did not possess twenty or even ten years ago—I want to see these men properly employed, not as mere hacks, but helping seriously in the great work, which still lies before us, of making our cities once again beautiful places. To a great extent America has already achieved this, and we certainly have not. It is worth while, therefore, considering whether her methods have not a lesson for us. After all, it was by the co-operation of unknown men that our great Gothic cathedrals were designed and built. In them the individual was willing to sink himself for the good of the work. May not the redemption of our civic architecture lie in the same direction? It certainly did in the eighteenth century, when a strong tradition acted as a successful restraint on excessive individualism. May not a restraint of a different kind, such as American organisation produces, be the solution, both in cost and efficiency as well as in expression, for the twentieth century?

## A RECORD HORSE SHOW

**F**EW institutions have managed to thrive so steadily and well as the Richmond Horse Show. It was freely prophesied a few years ago that the horse was going to be ousted by mechanical traction, but history, as usual, has set prophecy at naught. Instead of there being any diminution in the interest in horses, there was a record entry at the Royal Horse Show at Richmond, and "the young, the fair, the gay" assembled in full numbers and in the gayest spirits to see the horse on that inimitable show ground which the deer park provides. Fortunately, the opening day was one of exceptionally fine weather; the rain did not fall, and thus the sylvan surroundings of the Show were not only beautiful, but comfortable. There is nothing that spoils the pleasure of onlookers more than a dripping rain, and luckily it kept off.

It is a show that covers a vast amount of ground. Although its fame rests upon the attraction it has for the owners of the best thoroughbreds in the country, its attractions include a costers' Donkey Marathon, for which there were no fewer than thirty-seven entries. The first prize was a barrow loaded with bananas, the only prize in that class which was not given by Lord Lonsdale, who usually judges it. The barrow, it should be mentioned, had its donkey, harness and everything required by the coster who was lucky enough to win it. His name is W. Page and that of his donkey, Esther. The entries seemed to be chiefly of females, the names of the other winning donkeys being Moggy, Rose, Kitty, Nelly, Jenny, Mike and Queenie. It will be noticed that there is only one masculine name in the list. Another class very interesting to the general public was that of ponies not exceeding 12 hands 2 ins., to be ridden by children not over twelve years of age last birthday. There were eight entries, and the competition was very closely watched; so was that of the Shetland ponies, beautiful little things as they are.

The other events of the first day may be summarised as follows; The Police Marathon attracted a large entry. The police riders entered Richmond Park by the Sheen Gate, going on by the Roehampton Gate and the Kingston Gate and back by Lower Mortlake to the Show ground. The chief feature in this trial is that two jumps are prepared at the end of the run, but in less than three-quarters of an hour the horses came back and jumped beautifully. The class for

Novice Hacks attracted a large entry also, numbering thirty-eight; the winner was Cadogan Lily, a beautiful, well-mannered bay; Ben Hur, a good moving brown, was second. Out of twenty-one entries in the class for hacks under 15h., eighteen put in an appearance. The first prize went to Mr. Kennedy's Miss Winnie, with Major Stewart Richardson's Bright Idea second. There were seven entries for the Driving Marathon including Mr. Barron's pair, which failed to appear. The first prize was taken by W. J. Smith, Limited, with a pair of bays, and Mr. Claud F. Goddard's blacks came next. In the Novice Single Harness class, 15h. and over, Mr. R. W. Jay's black Starlight took the first prize and Mr. Belcher's Preston Adriatic the second. There were not many Arabs, but they were of good quality. Mr. S. G. Hough's Shahzada was the winner and Major G. H. Barker's Koherlan the second. In the class for Novice Harness Ponies, Mr. C. F. Kenyon's Stella Melbourne was the winner.

On Saturday afternoon the King and Queen arrived just as sunlight was making up for the cloud of the earlier part of the day. The King, after seeing the Queen to her seat in the Box, went into the ring to see the judging. It cannot be wrong to infer that he enjoyed it very much, as His Majesty has at Buckingham Palace the largest stud of the Yorkshire coach horse in the kingdom. This stud is very familiar to the public, as the King delights in using it when in town. The stud swept the board in regard to prizes, winning first, second and reserve with three beautiful mares by Cholderton's Luck's All, Hawthorn Hero and Willoughby Emperor respectively. They won universal admiration as ideal carriage horses with plenty of bone and substance. The third prize went to Mr. F. H. Carr's mare Lady Mary. The King and Queen, after witnessing the judging, motored round the ring and then left. The Earl of Orkney and Lord Willoughby de Broke judged four strong classes of hunters. Mr. Giles Bishop's chestnut Moonlight was first in his hunter's class, with Mr. John Drage's chestnut mare Red Ink second. In the class for horses of any height ridden by ladies, Red Ink was first, Parkstown second and Gold Flake third.

The Richmond Challenge Cup was awarded to Moonlight, and Red Ink, as the runner-up, took the special cup for the horse reserved for the championship.

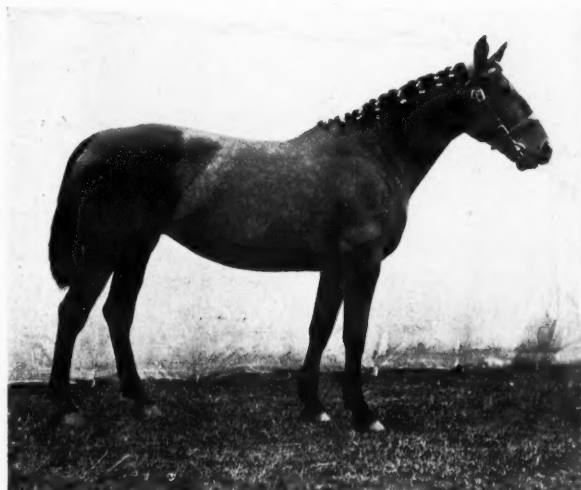




MR. W. W. THEOBALD'S TEAM OF CHESTNUTS, WINNERS OF THE COACHING CLUB COMPETITION.



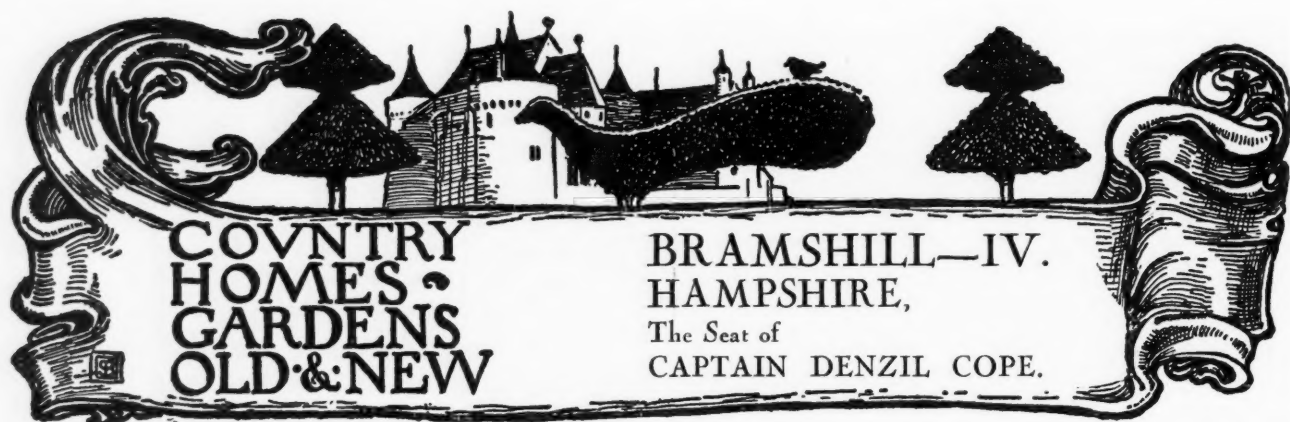
THE CHAMPION HUNTER, MOONLIGHT, AND THE CHAMPION HACK, MISS WINNIF.



THE KING'S WOODHALL SPA, 1ST PRIZE YORKSHIRE COACHING MARE, AND GROVE DORA, FIRST PRIZE RIDING PONY NOT EXCEEDING 12.2.



KNIGHT ERRANT AND KNIGHT TEMPLAR, FIRST PRIZE PAIR 15 HANDS AND OVER, AND STELLA MELBOURNE, SPECIAL PRIZE FOR NOVICE HARNESS HORSE.



IT is not easy to find a finer suite of rooms of the early Jacobean period than the state rooms at Bramshill. Though their furnishing is of a later time, containing some admirable Georgian work, they yet preserve much of their original aspect, and their decoration is untouched. On the ground floor the dining-room (Fig. 5), on the first floor the great drawing-room (Fig. 2) and the library (Fig. 3), beyond which is the gallery (Fig. 6), form a sequence at once stately and cheerful.

We cannot be too grateful to Lord Zouche for setting his principal rooms in the body of the house, for had he placed

them anywhere else they had been destroyed, or never completed, with the wings that would have contained them.

Lord Zouche, however, remained logically attached to that curious persuasion with which, earlier in these articles, we suggested that Sir Henry Wotton had inspired him, namely, that a house should be planned on the analogy of the human body. Not to strain this connection overmuch (for Sir Henry only hints at it rather shamefacedly in his "Architecture"), Zouche did at least respect it so far as keeping his reception rooms and kitchens in the body of the house. He would not suffer any man to delight in his architectural arms or legs.

In those days, when Wotton and he were travelling through Europe—through the university towns of the Upper Rhine, to Vienna, and afterwards to Italy, the two cannot but have conversed frequently on architecture, and for that reason I have intermittently quoted Sir Henry's dicta on points wherein the theory and the practice appeared to meet.

Many of Wotton's suggestions have little but the charming manner of their enunciation to commend them. Others seem passing obvious nowadays; but it must be remembered that Sir Henry was a pioneer in England. Sir Christopher Wren, as Sir Lawrence Weaver points out in his new little book, carefully perused him with evident enjoyment. It is possible to differ but gently from a man who can discourse on the virtues of staircases so sweetly as this:

To make a compleat *Staircase*, is a curious piece of *Architecture*: The vulgar Cautions are these:

That it have a very liberal *Light*, against all Casualty of *Slips* and *Falls*.

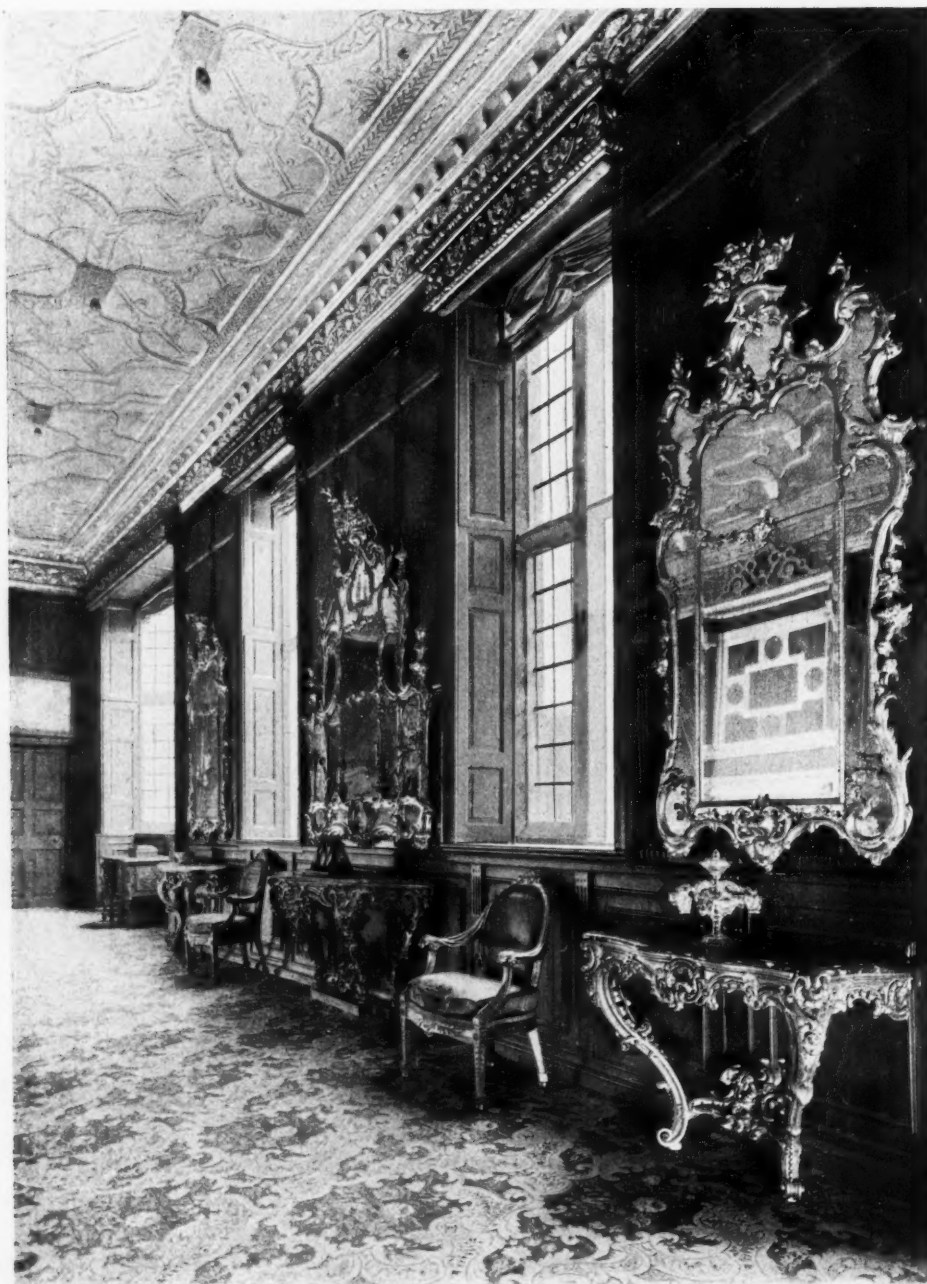
That the space above the *Head* be large and *Aery*, which the *Italians* use to call *Un bels-fogolo*, as it were good *Ventilation*, because a man doth spend much breath in mounting.

That the *Half Paces* be well distributed at competent distances, for reposing on the way.

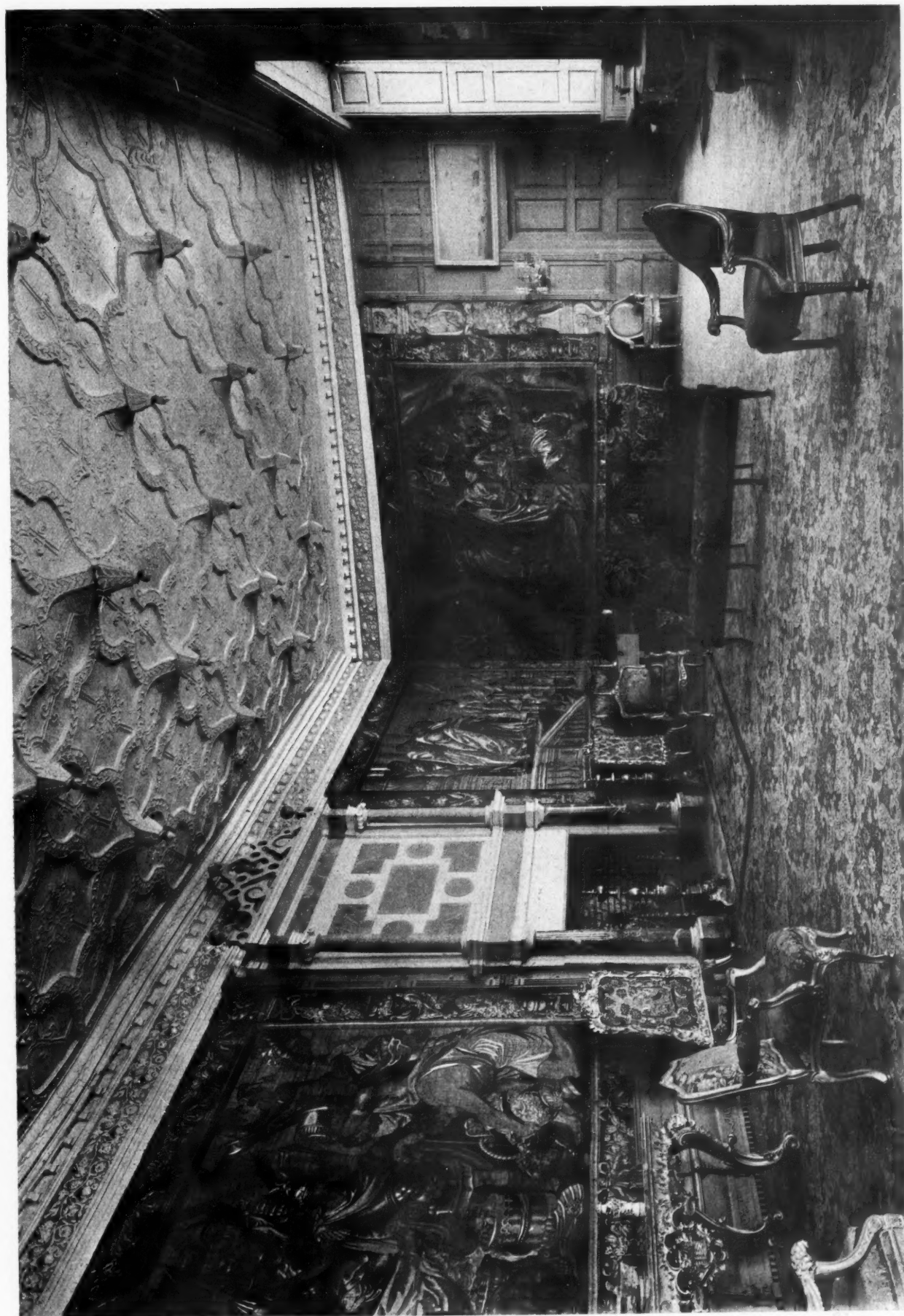
That to avoid *Encounters*, and besides to gratifie the beholder, the whole *Stair-case* have no niggard *Latitude*.

Sir Henry, incidentally, uses an unusual but enchanting synonym for spiral—viz., cockle stairs.

As we saw last week, Lord Zouche would seem to have given these few precepts in his memory character. From the head of the stairs, turning to the left, he planned his great drawing-room, with, beyond it, the present library. Sir Henry determined that the grace of entertainment rooms consisted







"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.- THE DRAWING - ROOM.

With Rubens' (Brussels) tapestries of Decius Mus. Black, pink and white marble chimneypiece; *gros-point* covered chairs and settee.

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3.—THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



4.—A GEORGIAN STAIRCASE WITH ROLLER-TOPPED DOG GATE.

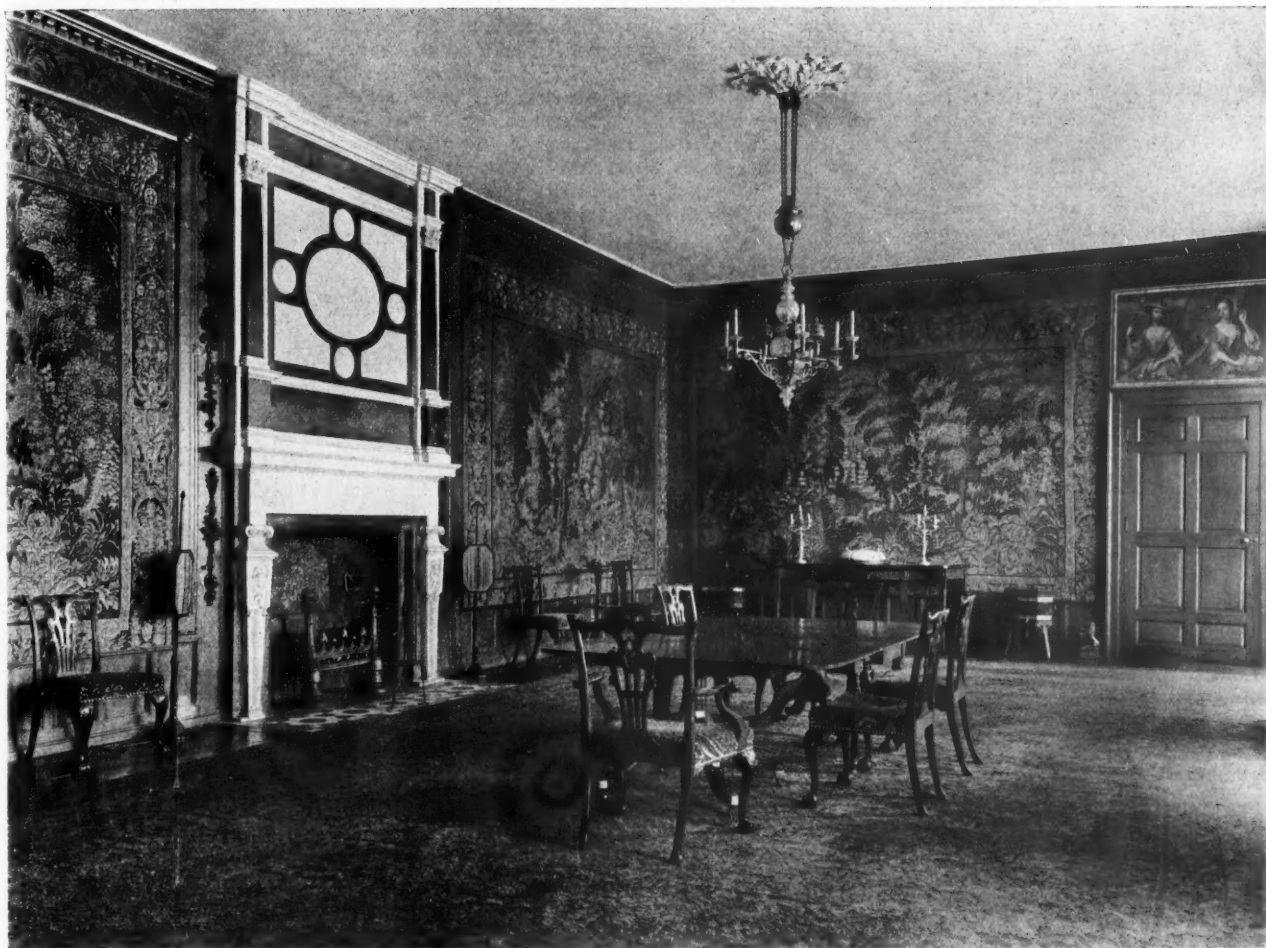
of a double *Analogy*, or correspondence. First that a great fabrick should have great parts, all the members great. The second point was *Usefulness*, which, he said, will consist in a sufficient number of rooms of all sorts, and in their apt *Coherence*, without distraction, without confusion, so as the beholder may not only call it *Una fabrica ben raccolta*, as *Italians* use to speak of well united works, but likewise, that it may appear *aiery* and *spirituous*, and fit for the welcome of cheerful guests.

This honest manner of regarding rooms is captivating compared to the perpetual straining after grandeur in which both patron and architect participated through the eighteenth century. It is the "aiery" and "spirituous" quality that Wren catches in all his rooms, just as Zouche caught it at Bramshill. Wren and Wotton, however, differed on one big point (among a thousand), namely, "the direct opposition of Overtures"—which has a smack of higher diplomacy in the sound, but really means vistas through a succession of doorways. Wotton, ever a modest man, was opposed to it. It is, he said, grounded upon the fond ambition of displaying to a stranger all our furniture at one sight. Lord Zouche was not haunted by this scruple, for all his doorways are in a line, at the window ends of the party walls, unless, indeed, they were moved thither in 1700, when the doors themselves were replaced with more up-to-date ones.

The great drawing-room, which contains in the window intervals the remarkable series of Chippendale (or period) pier glasses (Fig. 1), which we discussed in our issue of June 2nd, is much as Lord Zouche left it, save for movable furniture. Chief among that is the settee prominent in Fig. 2, which, of little merit in itself, displays exceptionally brightly coloured and well preserved needlework of 1740-50 date, worked with entirely different designs for separate chairs. Back, front, seat and arms of two settees are all covered with it.

The eye, however, is more immediately caught by the marble chimney, which, with those in the neighbouring library (Fig. 3) and in the dining-room (Fig. 5), are of most remarkable character. One's first impulse is to set them down as of Inigo Jones's period; that is, somewhat after Lord Zouche's death. Their rigid classicism and utter simplicity are most unlike the bulk of Jacobean work. In one or two details, however, we are reassured of their earliness. For instance, the strapwork





Copyright.

5.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Tapestries of subdued greens and browns, probably of Oudenarde.



Copyright.

6.—THE GALLERY: (127FT. LONG.)

"COUNTRY LIFE."

pediments surmounting them are never encountered in Jones's work; the library one, moreover, shows in its bas-relief pilasters and eagle-headed terms beside the fireplace a distinct reference to Continental work of the very early seventeenth century. Again, there is a mantelpiece in King James's room at Hatfield, of about 1612, portions of which are exactly the same as these examples, of the same materials and of comparable general design. Several more elaborate ones are at Knole (*circa* 1605), the strapwork is encountered above one at Bolsover (*circa* 1618), while at Charlton is a not dissimilar piece with figures probably by Nicolas Stone (*circa* 1617). There is little doubt, however, that most of the above are of foreign

traditional English vine pattern, clusters of grapes alternating with roses, both conventionally and obviously vernacularly treated. The most elaborate ceiling, however, is in the present chapel (Fig. 7), where it is as originally painted. In it occur all the details found in the greater houses of this period, prominent among them being the intertwined rose and thistle, the crowned and gartered rose, the Scots lion and the fleur de lys—badges of the reigning sovereign. This latter has sometimes been mistaken for Prince Henry's triple feathers, but it is the French emblem which was still retained in the Royal Standard, and are frequently to be found in contemporary ornament.



7.—THE CHAPEL, WITH THE ORIGINAL PAINTED CEILING IN RED, WHITE AND GOLD.

fashioning. Much work at Hatfield was executed by a Fleming of Antwerp, whence the English fondness for "strapwork" was imported from the great palaces of the Rhine. Zouche, it must be remembered, spent many years in Upper Germany, and Sir Henry Wotton says that in 1624 he introduced some German and Italian workmen to this country, where great numbers were already working. Thus the Bramshill chimneypieces would seem to be of foreign, probably Flemish, workmanship.

The ceilings of the first floor rooms have gracefully moulded plasterwork and friezes, that of the drawing-room being the richer; in the frieze of the latter we get a rendering of the

Returning to the drawing-room, the very elaborate but restrained design of the panelling should be noticed (Fig. 1). At some time the panels below the dado rail have been renewed in harmony with those above, but they are contained by reeding of Georgian section. Their original form is, perhaps, seen on the other walls, below the tapestry (Fig. 2), where it seems to reproduce, with variations, the *motif* of the upper panels.

The panelling has, on the other three walls of the room, been made to fit the magnificent Rubens tapestry.

They are the famous set worked at Brussels from Rubens' cartoons, and under his supervision, for Sir Dudley Carleton, then ambassador at the Hague.





Copyright.

## 8.—TAPESTRY IN THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Left : The Court of a King. Right : The Holy Catholic Church.

In a letter to Sir Dudley, dated May 26th, 1618, Rubens thus writes :

Toccante le Tapezzierie . . . Mandara a V.E. tutte le misure del mio cartone della storia di Decimo Mus, Console Romano, che si devovo per la vittoria del Popolo Romano, ma bisognara scrivere a Brusselles per averle giuste, havendo io consignato ogni cosa al maestro del laboro.

Eventually Sir Dudley preferred to these representations of "Decimus Mus, who devoted himself to the success of the Roman people," a set portraying the less tragic triumphs of Scipio, and so the Decimo set was free to come to Bramshill; but how or when they came research has been powerless to show. They may have been purchased by Lord Zouche, though our experience of that gentleman's finances does not render it probable. Undoubtedly he was well acquainted with Carleton, but at that date (1618-20) Bramshill must have been completed, and probably past the tapestry stage. A more likely connection is that of Sir Dudley with the Copes. The wife of the first baronet had a mother who was a Carleton; thus she was Sir Dudley's first cousin; also the first baronet's mother, after the death of his father, married Sir Dudley's uncle.

However it was, the walls were stripped of panelling for their reception, and well worth it the tapestries are. For not only do they represent Rubens in a typical phase, but were considered by him worthy his special attention. Though by no means the earliest examples of Brussels work in this country—the Abraham set at Hampton Court are much earlier—they, none

the less, vividly show the origin and inspiration of the Mortlake style. Their borders of columns and festoons appear adapted and varied in practically every piece emanating from the Mortlake looms.

Glancing again at the chimneypiece, with its black and white lower columns and pink upper columns and panels, we pass into the library (Fig. 3), with its similar chimneypiece and somewhat simpler ceiling. The walls would seem at the time to have been panelled like those of the drawing-room, but later bookcases now fill the walls. Descending to the dining-room (Fig. 5), here the chimneypiece is again remarkable, but plainer, and is flanked by some pieces of rococo wood carving. The frieze is part of the panelling over which, in this case, the tapestry has been hung. The tapestry itself, of subdued greens and browns representing forest scenery, is Flemish and, in the opinion of Mr. W. G. Thomson, probably of Oudenarde or Antwerp, seventeenth century.

Beyond the dining-room lies the charming painted room seen in Fig. 10. Its decoration is a curious mixture. At some time the panelling has been raised or fitted with a Georgian dado, while the ceiling cornice was renewed at the same time. During last century the panels have been repainted with their original design, namely, dark grey on grey, with yellow bevels, also the dado panels and the cornice. The corner fireplace, too, ingeniously fitted with an Adam lintel containing a plaque, and a grate of pleasing design, is, none the less, in the main original.

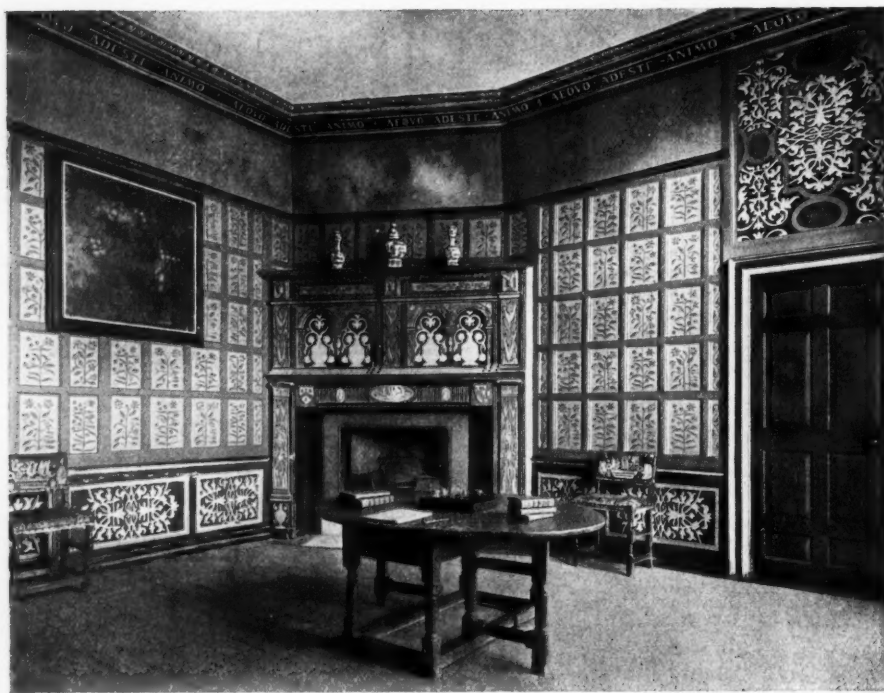


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## 9.—A COMPANION TAPESTRY. FLEMISH. About 1512.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Left : Judaism—Priests before the Ark. Right : Christianity—the Assumption of the Virgin.



Copyright

10.—THE PAINTED ROOM—GREYS AND LEMON.

"C.L."



Copyright

THE CHIMNEYPiece, WITH LATE ADAMESQUE INSERTIONS. "C.L."

Though the rain-water heads are dated 1612, interior work continued slowly. There exist a bill and a pathetic letter from a painter to Lord Zouche, for work done between 1615 and 1619; "the stuffe belonging to the work cost 20 markes," he writes, "for which your honour yet oweth your petitioner and for which your petitioner is yet indebted to dyvers men who seeke daylie to arrest your said petitioner for the same." The bulk of the work consisted in colouring the windows "faire white" and the "barres faire red." Two chambers were painted with walnut colour graining, and a cupboard was silver gilt—suggesting some magnificence. The only room at all probably to be identified is the present chapel. It is sometimes called "the room in the tower"; and in this document a "tower room" is referred to, the ceiling of which the petitioner painted—as it is still painted. But if this identification is correct, the terming it a "tower room" suggests that the wing of which it was designed to be part was far from completion and not even of equal height.

One of the chief glories of the chapel to-day is the remarkable tapestry. At one time, in the red drawing-room at Bramshill, it was, during the last century, relegated to the attics and cut about to fit servants' rooms. Hence its extremely fragmentary condition, which, while not detracting from the general effect, makes identification of its subjects difficult. In making the fragments up into the present panels, bits from one have been used to patch the other. The theme, so Mr. Thomson has pointed out to me, appears to represent the Old and New Testaments, or, more properly, Judaism and Christianity, the left part of each hanging showing the former, the right the latter. Thus, in Fig. 9, two priests draw aside curtains of the Tabernacle revealing the Ark, while, on the right, is the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The larger piece (Fig. 8) is in a very fragmentary state, but the left side seems to represent the court of an earthly king—possibly David—while the right shows the Holy Catholic Church: beneath the Virgin and Child in glory appear a company of clergy, including a pope. The association of the cardinal virtues Misericordia and Humilitas with the Virgin is curious—as is also the Lorraine Cross on her drapery. Mr. Thomson tells me the group is very similar to a tapestry of the Adoration of the Father, the property of the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Several vices appear in the left-hand compartment, but it is doubtful if they are all in their original positions. From the composition, the hangings have been designed by a Flemish artist, and the border gives its date as about 1512. It is curious to note that there was till recently a fragment of Deadly Sins tapestry in the possession of the late Lord Zouche at Parham. The work is, throughout, of the highest order, the colour faded, but mellow, and



the drapery and faces treated in a masterly manner. Much love and care have been expended on the chapel generally, which is well suited for a domestic oratory.

There now remains the gallery, at the other end of the house, 127ft. 6ins. in length and 20ft. 6ins. broad. Thus, if it is not the longest surviving—that at Aston is 140ft., and at Burghley, 128ft.—it is probably the broadest, others rarely measuring more than 18ft. The vanished galleries of Buckhurst (254ft.), Audley End (190ft.), and Holdenby (120ft.), and others since destroyed, surpassed it. Its height and breadth, however, combine to make it by far the most imposing gallery in England.

About it has grown up the story of "The Mistletoe Bough." The beautiful tale in Rogers' poem is universally known—the bride, who in the rejoicings of her wedding night proposes hide and seek, shuts herself in a chest and is never seen again. The story was that a Miss Cope married very young and thus disappeared. The family were overcome with horror and left the house for a long time. At length returning, they wrote to bid the housekeeper prepare against their coming, who, chancing to miss some linen, looked in the chest and found the bridal dress. An aged lady of last century connected the finding of the body with the removal of the south-eastern wing. This would place the tragedy at about 1700. This lady, however, had it only at second or third hand, and the late Sir William Cope went into the matter thoroughly, but could find no lady of the family of Cope who perished in any inexplicable way at Bramshill.

But the most probable explanation is that it is an Italian *conte*, as was affirmed some time ago by an Italian lady in whose family such a tragedy occurred, who, moreover, stated that she knew the actual chest had been sold to an Englishman. It would, no doubt, have been one of the familiar *cassones*, and may have been bought by Sir John Cope, the purchaser of Bramshill, who spent many years in Italy. He would have told the story round the fire to children, who in their age thought the tragedy had occurred actually at Bramshill. The chest has now disappeared.

That Sir John Cope greatly altered the gallery is certain. His are the panelling, grained to represent pollard oak, the Italian marble tables and the late seventeenth century furniture. He also altered the present entrance front, inserting a mezzanine floor, sash windows and the staircase shown in Fig. 4. But since his time little has been touched. The same family possess it and care for Bramshill as such an epitome of England's history deserves. Though Sir John, the eleventh baronet, died without children, a distant branch of the family, resident in Dublin, descended from a second son of the first baronet, succeeded in the person of the late Sir William Cope, who died in 1892. Sir Anthony Cope, the present baronet, has transferred Bramshill to his son, Captain Denzil Cope, to whom, with Mrs. Cope, the house owes not a little of its present beauty, and the writer much for the assistance and courtesy extended in providing materials for this necessarily imperfect history of one of the most remarkable houses in the land. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## "THE COLLAPSE OF HOMO SAPIENS"

BY CONSTANCE HOLME.

THE possibility of the decline and fall of our present civilisation absorbs most thoughtful minds to-day. Some, indeed, call it a probability; others, a certainty. Others, again, insist that the word "decline" does not meet the situation; that, in point of fact, we are already set on a hurtling rush to complete destruction.

It takes a brave soul to face such a position; it takes a braver still to write about it. It is always, indeed, a rather brave act to sink oneself in a piece of literature, whether by writing or reading. Either is an adventure into a far country, from which one always returns just a little different. And adventure needs courage. Most of all it needs it when it means a journey back or forward to the very beginnings of things.

Such an adventure, such an act of courage, is this book\* of Mr. Anderson Graham's; all the more because it depicts not even decline, but a sudden invasion, followed by a swift war of extermination. England, under an air-attack from coloured races, sinks into desolation, peopled only by such remnants as practically always survive in similar circumstances. And through the eyes of a dreamer we are shown the descendants of these remnants, two hundred years later, slowly putting the world together again through the undying spirit of man.

The book is described as a novel, but the term seems scarcely comprehensive enough for it. It is a novel, of course, in the sense that it has a story, and a new story, to tell us, but it is so much more. It is a criticism, not only of modern life, but of all life. It is a *resumé* of the position in England before and after the war. It is a compendium of expert knowledge, from agriculture to lyric art.

It is a baffling book to review, both because of its wide scope and also because of one's inability to "place" it. If it stands anywhere in succession, it is in the line of such books as "Erewhon"; highly individualised products and the landmarks of literature. But the likeness between it and "Erewhon" is only superficial. It is a better book than Butler's, because it is more human. "Erewhon" is satire; this, though one may detect satire in parts, is serious criticism. "Erewhon" is fantasy. This is life.

The story is given us through so many channels, from old documents as well as from human beings, that it is difficult to select points on which to dwell. It is like trying to make selections from the "Ring and the Book" or the "Canterbury Tales." We get, for instance, the point of view of the dwellers in "New London," the two hundred year old settlement, told to the nameless mystic by whom the story is written. We get also the first-hand accounts of the invasion from Dr. Turnbull's ancestors and from Lady Scarlett's. Then, too, we have an account of a revolution in "Old" London, drawn from a newspaper of the time, together with a description of "Mr. Binyon," the inventor of the means by which it was supposed the coloured races were able to achieve their terrible victory. And at the beginning there is a sort of "foreword" by the nameless author describing his progenitors and that evolution of his own nature which procured for him his strange glimpse of the dread future.

There is so much out of all this that one might choose for comment: (1) Incidents, such as the terrible incident of the white children fleeing before the black soldiers, the beautiful story of Adam Grey, the long and interesting account of the Scarletts' life in the shebeen; (2) descriptions, such as that of the reverted Thames, and all the thousands of little touches which show the country lover, the bird and animal lover, and not only the lover, but the expert student; and (3) phrases, such as "pale primroses of women," "the earth has grown man-sick," "the stillness of the grave lay over England's heart." And so much else: the flood, and the floating hen-coops with the gallant cockerels crowing to the last; Adam Grey, butted by his lambs while he pores over "Kubla Khan"; Lady Scarlett's swimming pony; Mally, the Turnbulls' cow; last, but not least, all the scraps of tradition and legend by which it is shown how every fresh civilisation builds for itself on the wrecked remains of another.

The theory of "man-sickness" on the part of the earth is one which I should like to quote. It is put forward by Hart, one of the New Londoners, to whom the "Visitor" is introduced on his first arrival.

You know (he says) that soil will get tired of a crop, even of an animal. It may become bean-sick, clover-sick, cattle-sick, sheep-sick and so on. In a way resembling this it has become man-sick. Human life is going out because the earth can no longer put up with human antics and excesses. The race in its dotage is afflicted with diseases for which there is no medicine. They come from an earth sick of man and of his interference with Nature.

His friend Cecil, however, gentler and more trustful, will not hear of such a theory. "Can you mention a single case," he asks, "in which reversion cannot be explained by common-sense?" Hart produces many instances which he holds to prove his contention: instances of plants, animals and birds.

Every living thing belonging to man grows smaller and smaller and promises to share his fate when the race is extinguished. . . . The garden rose has gone back to the briar; other flowers have either grown wild or disappeared, but it is only those useful to man that have suffered. . . . Many varieties of the domestic fowl have vanished, but did you ever dream of such quantities of wild duck and waterfowl as have appeared during the last ten or twenty years? Nature asserting herself is apparently determined to clear out the works of man and re-establish her own progeny. She resents his interference. That is what I mean by saying that the earth is man-sick.

Well, the earth may be sick of us—may be clearing us out, even if only that it may prepare a new race to succeed that which is dying; but Mr. Graham teaches us that there is no need to lose hope. Writers upon this theme are often tiresomely depressing, but that is not the case here. There is a homeliness about the new life here shown which is very consoling, reminding us that there is always comfort in the world while the family holds together. The possibilities of such a change are terrifying enough, and Mr. Graham does not shirk them. But he gives us courage to face them. And only a great mind could do that.

\* The Collapse of Homo Sapiens, by P. Anderson Graham. (Putnam's Sons, 7s. 6d.)

# A DISCOURSE ON PÆONIES

BY THE LATE MAURICE HEWLETT

HERE is a plant which must be grown by itself, or in a mass of itself, and not in a border with other things. The reason is that so it grows in its wild state: once it is seen in the act, that is reason enough, for the art of gardening is concerned with inducing a plant to its natural courses in unnatural surroundings. The seed which this plant makes is heavy and drops where it is made. Birds may carry it—more of that anon—but the wind could not. Whenever I have seen the pæony growing wild it has been in drifts, not broadcast. Another reason which should inspire the gardener must be laid to the pæony habit. It is a bushy plant, and gives you such foliage as alone is a pleasure to see. Strong crimson in youth, it tones down to bronze; or being golden brown at first, it grows on to a laurel green. Its flowers are sparse, though nearly all of them are magnificent, and lose their natural emphasis in a border. Only segregation will win you the outstanding virtues of the pæony, vigour and splendour, in which nothing in the garden, except the magnolia, beats it. I have seen its flowers—nay, let me say, I have had them—great bowls of pure colour, 8ins. across. Herbaceous pæonies are rarely so big; the woody varieties often are. Yet I do not call them free-flowering plants as a rule. A certain Siberian pæony called, I think, Wittmanniana, has as many flowers as you can want. It opens very early, and is as hardy as a halfpenny paper; but it is magenta, and not everybody's colour. A very pretty little pæony is one called Anemonifolia, not unlike an Adonis. It bears small crimson, gold-centred flowers and in any quantity; but it is tender.

The wild tree pæony in its own country must be a fine affair, but I know nothing in gardening to approach some of the cultivated Chinese varieties of it. Ask Mr. Gauntlett for his hand-painted catalogue if you would learn what flower form and colour can be. Not Venice glass, not Arab glass, shows such filmy quality. You can see the sun through a petal, and think to see the ichor coursing in its veins. In the centre, golden stamens stand up like an emperor's crown. Such flowers are worthy of all the pains you can give them, but one is disappointed as often as not, and I own them exceedingly difficult. Our climate is fatally seductive to them. A mild Christmas calls them on, to push up their young wood, open their leaves and form their flower-buds early in January. Then comes the reckoning of March, to burn them off like so much wax. So lush is the growth—so *neish*, as we say here—overhead protection will hardly save them. The only way to be sure of them is to grow them in pots in the greenhouse. You can have them in April on those terms; but that is horticulture, not gardening, whose wisdom consists as much in knowing what you cannot do as how to do what you can. It may be worth while to strive for an impossible thing and put up with a *proxime accessit*—such as flowering *Eritrichium nanum* in a pot in a conservatory or an orange tree in the parlour window. Passion counts for something, I hope. Energy is a divine attribute. But such efforts are love affairs. Isabella, who nourished a basil-root upon her sweetheart's head, was not a gardener. She could not have been called a good one even if, loving basil not wisely but too well, she had sacrificed her lover for its sake. So it is with pæonies. They respond to manure, like basil; they respond to the temperature of the glass-house. But I could never grow them like that, having seen what I saw of them in Spain.

I had travelled most of the night through from Madrid to Bobadilla, the Clapham Junction of the peninsula, where I had to change at two o'clock in the morning and wait three hours. The hospitality of the railway offered a pent-house and a platform; it was pitchy dark and very cold, but I was young in those days and made nothing of it. I reclined upon my luggage

and watched the slow awakening of the earth. I was in a country I had never seen before; anything might be beyond me in the darkness. Spain is an immense country, and if its details are not striking, its masses are. So it proved at Bobadilla, as I became aware of huge dim forms looming before me, shadowy in the mist. As the light quickened they resolved themselves into camel-backed hills composed, I came to learn, of red earth and covered with vegetation—*what* vegetation I did not then know. I awaited the sun, and he came. Then I saw in front of me a hill—a down—entirely clothed in wild pæonies, in flower. They were pink, of course single, and not many to each plant; but massed as they were and fronting the sun, the hillside seemed to burn. I have not often seen a more sumptuous spectacle. I fetched a trowel out of my baggage and set foot on the hill, and even as I did so the bell rang, and I saw my train plugging in the distance. Foiled though I was in my larcenous intent, I learned then how to grow pæonies.

They want a mountain, which should be of clay, no doubt; but they will do in a wettish, heavy soil, and if you grow them in partial shade they will be grateful and last the longer. They like cool roots, and the more cow manure you give them the better they will be. Tree pæonies do well in an orchard where the trees overhead will often save their flowers. Beware, above all things, of the morning sun upon them. I grew them best of all where that was absolutely shut off. In Greece I found them—the herbaceous kind—growing in woodlands and among rocks, as everything in Greece must needs do. I have yet to know of the plant which does not thrive among rocks. The Greek pæonies—those at least which I saw—were white, and both bushes and flowers were small. For sentimental reasons I value one which I dug out of Helikon—on whose original stock the Muses may have danced. As a gardener I do not find it valuable until it has opened its seed vessels and each of them has blazed at me two strings of scarlet corals. Birds—be pleased to observe—have never touched them, which knocks a hole in the bottom of the theory put forth to explain the presence of wild pæonies on Lundy Island, and drives us back to a shipwrecked galleon of Spain and a pæony in a flower-pot before Nuestra Señora de las Mercedes. Old Parkinson says that they are specific for some human ailments—a plant is not called after the son of Æsculapius for nothing—such as the “falling sickness”; also, he adds mysteriously, for “women when they rise.” Birds when they rise do without them.

I have said nothing as yet of the so-called Japanese pæonies, but have something to say. I take them to be sophistications of the Chinese varieties, as many other Japan wares are—lovely things, smelling like tea roses, and of subtle blends of colour in which shell pink faints to primrose or crimson shades away through rose to white. The edges are gauffered, the seed vessels are tasselled. They are as much like furniture as flowers. Their chief drawback, which they share with other Japanese nursery marvels, is that they aim at a false standard. Just as the fine Kämpfer's iris has been taught to imitate a platter instead of a flag, so the final cause of a Japanese pæony now is to resemble a mop-head. It can never be like a chrysanthemum, thank goodness, but it does its best. The centre petals swell and ruffle until, like young cuckoos, they thrust out-board their companions. The exterior petals are pushed backwards until they touch each other across the stalk. Centrifugal force is a law of nature, but cannot have been designed to turn a flower inside out. Thus the cup shape, that great beauty of the Chinese pæony, which none of our European sorts, not even our own old flaunting cottage favourite, has ever forgotten, has been ignored by the Japanese. For that treachery to art they deserve



PÆONY MOUTAN, VAR. SHIN-ABOKIN.



themselves to be forgotten, but will not be, for their pæonies are too beautiful.

We drain the world at large for our pleasures, and just now Tibet is the wellspring of all true gardening delights. It has its pæonies as it has everything else, and I am watching one of them with interest and excitement. It was collected as a seed and grown by the Royal Horticultural Society. Nobody has ever seen the flower of it, but I hope to see it this year. Its leaves are dull purple and so pinnatifid as to prove it what Parkinson calls a female pæony. The flower (it has only one) is to be pink. This is a great moment to me. I shall be "the first that ever burst"—upon it. That, of course, is not perfectly true. The bud will be the first to burst. I shall run my gardener hard for second place.

## THE TENDENCY OF MODERN GARDENING

**M**R. ELEY has written a valuable book—*Gardening for the Twentieth Century* (John Murray, 16s. net). The first few chapters on the general theory of gardening are particularly full of meat. Dozens of passages can be found on which to hang morals and lectures and sermons on the tendency of modern gardening. But—most amazing sign

of the times—there is no mention in the book of all those gardens to which we are accustomed. There is no description or advice on how to grow primulas or delphiniums or irises or water lilies. Kitchen gardens, water gardens, rock gardens, herbaceous borders, formal gardens, they are all left severely alone, and it is only on page 123 that he finds time to utter a half-hearted excuse for their exclusion. This is mentioned in no spirit of criticism. Far from it; I have nothing but admiration for Mr. Eley's courage in presenting under such a title a valuable addition to the works on trees and shrubs.

The moral he teaches is true. It is all a question of pounds, shillings and pence, for there is nothing comparable to the growing of trees and shrubs during the present state of our pockets. Some ingenious person—he may have been an American—worked out a labour scale for gardens. I have forgotten the exact figures, but it was something approaching seven acres per man for woodland gardens of trees and shrubs and seven men to the acre for rock gardens, and these figures are not an exaggeration. There are few who are lucky enough to be able to indulge in their hobby on a pre-war scale, and there has always been a maxim among the gardening fraternity that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. For centuries we have held pride of place as being the first gardening nation: now, through no fault of our own, we are in danger of losing that place. Mr. Eley mentions this when dealing with the public gardens, and points out that the Arnold Arboretum, outside Boston, bids fair to take first place among the public parks of the world. With due deference to Mr. Eley, I think there is little fear of that. They accomplish all that enthusiasm, intelligence and money can bring them, but they cannot contend against climate. I have seen the Arboretum after one of the poisonous New England storms, when it was raining above and freezing on the ground, and acres of trees and shrubs were cleaned to the trunk owing to the weight of ice. Certain families like *kalmias*, *crataegus*, *malus* and *rhus* do magnificently in New England, but others, among them *rhododendrons*, not at all—they are shattered by the extremes in temperature. Where we are being ousted is in our private gardens; so far it is mostly in the formal variety. What is required over there is something to look at, and that something in a hurry, but they are already forging ahead in some families, notably the iris and the pæony.

It is all a very friendly rivalry, and who are we that we should claim

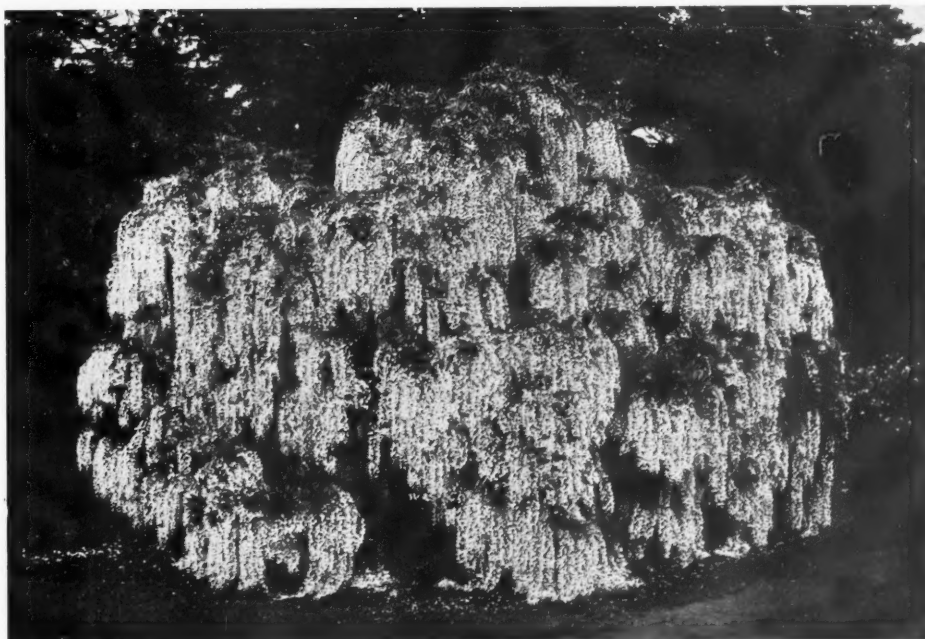
a monopoly? It is surprising that what strangers always most admire in the British Isles, our magnificent hardwoods, large and small, should now occupy so small a place in our affections except among a few enthusiasts. All other plants are really ephemeral and their glories pass after such years of neglect as they experienced during the war. Most of the well established trees and shrubs, on the other hand, have suffered little or no damage from being left alone. Also, it must be remembered that gardening is the least selfish of hobbies; something ought to be added to every garden, whether we are in temporary possession for six months or live in it for a lifetime.

It is difficult to advise people to jettison what perhaps are the aspirations of many years, but limits can be curtailed and ambitions made less ambitious. It may appear from this article that it is the gardening policy of COUNTRY LIFE to "boost"—there is no other word for it—trees and shrubs to the exclusion of everything else. That is not the case. We try to give information upon every branch of horticulture. Those who are lucky enough to be able to afford gardens which require much labour, or who have sufficient leisure to manage their own rock garden or herbaceous border, will, I hope, be satisfied; but we have to keep up with the times, and there is no doubt that trees and shrubs pay for themselves in fullest measure.

I have run far away from Mr. Eley's book. I do not quite agree with him in his expressions of concern regarding the selection of plants. He says very wisely that "the enthusiasm of garden-owners is sometimes dissipated because they commence by attempting to grow plants with which they are enraptured rather than by enquiring what classes of plants will do best in their gardens." But if certain limits are set, I should say go full steam ahead. Once you become an enthusiastic gardener, you are a cultivator at heart, and half the fun of gardening is



A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF THE NORWEGIAN MAPLE. A FINE LEGACY FOR ANY GARDEN.



WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN TO PLANT A WISTARIA FOR COMING GENERATIONS TO ADMIRE?

in the failures. To some, like the late Reginald Farrer, is given the supreme pleasure in horticulture, the scouring of the wilds for new plants and their introduction into this country. Even those of us who stay at home can experience the joys of unknown conquests—what will do and what will not do in our gardens. I know no joy so intense as making a tricky subject grow off the ground and flourish after many heart-thumpings and qualms that it had departed this life. Incidentally, many shrubs, which appear to be doubtful customers when only a few inches off the ground, will prove perfectly hardy when their young growths are above the reach of ground draughts.

In Cornwall they are lucky in having a climate so accommodating that it is rumoured that it is only necessary to "heel in" a plant for it to grow and flourish like the bay tree; but for us poor mortals with our inclement weather, even the growing of hard wooded plants is not all milk and honey. Mr. Eley gives a word of warning on this subject which must be quoted: "The truth is that so-called 'landscape gardening' is in reality vastly more difficult than it appears; and that, contrary to the general opinion, it is far more difficult and requires far more knowledge to ensure success than does the construction of any formal garden, no matter how original or elaborate. And yet it is not an exaggeration to say, so little is the difficulty of this kind of work realised, that it would be quite easy to find men (and women) of taste and understanding in other matters who would be willing to

undertake or attempt such work, while proclaiming that they had little or no previous experience." It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Eley does not expand this argument and give examples from his immense experience. Herbaceous borders and rock gardens can be turned upside down and the next year will show little or no signs of having been touched, but a rigorous campaign of alteration among trees and shrubs leave scars which are hard to efface. If any criticism of this book can be made, it is that he titillates our fancies and imagination and leaves too much technical knowledge to be gained by bitter experience.

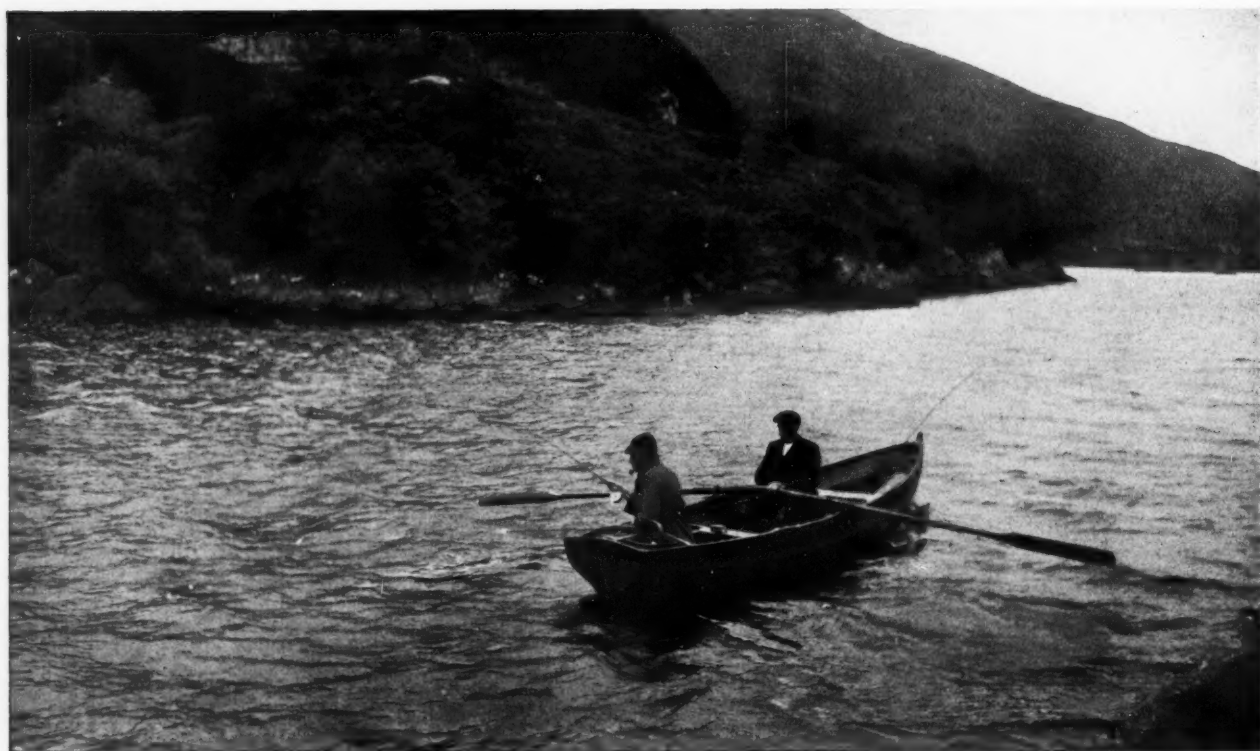
There is also one serious omission of which Mr. Eley is guilty; there is no mention throughout the book of the name of the late Sir Isaac Bailey Balfour. It was entirely owing to his unbounded enthusiasm that so many fine new plants of all sorts and conditions have been introduced into this country; in fact, I have no hesitation in saying that there is no one since the days of Sir Joseph Hooker who has done so much for our horticulture.

At any rate, it is clearly seen where Mr. Eley's enthusiasms lie, that the future of our gardens is bound up with the cultivation of trees and shrubs. There is a text in his book which shows how unselfish are his motives: "To inspire those who have the possession of gardens to plant them so that they will leave them better and more permanent than they found them."

E. H. M. Cox.

## FISHING IN LOCHS

BY GEORGE SOUTHCOTE.



DRIFTING.

IF summer comes. . . . There seems to be something wrong about that opening; it reads like straining after misplaced humour, and I do not think that any dweller on a river where the mayfly is expected early is feeling very humorous this year; certainly not in these parts, where the large trout have now gone to the bottom for good, having given up all hope of the annual festival for which they left their usual diet of minnows and freshwater shrimps. I will try again. . . . When summer comes to a middle-aged fly-fisher, strenuously engaged in sedentary work, and subject to all the bodily ills (including softness of muscle) that go therewith, his mind naturally turns to the joys of trout fishing on lochs, where the man with the oars does the hard work, for which the angler gets the credit. In loch fishing, managing the boat has, to my mind, much more to do with the weight of the basket than has the rod. I base my opinion upon experience, and with fishing, as with other things, it is one's first impressions that leave the most permanent mark upon the tablets of the mind. As quite a youngster I first went out fishing (for sea trout) from a boat on a loch, with an expert who had fished there all his life and owned the shores. A nice steady breeze, making a pleasant ripple, was blowing from the end at which the boat was "beached" in the heather. We launched her, and we drifted slowly to leeward, broadside on, one of us casting from the stern, the other from the bow. My experienced friend spent most of the

day telling me that I was casting all wrong, and I spent it catching two fish to his one. The opinion which I then formed that catching loch trout from a boat has little, if anything, to do with the skill of the fisherman has since been confirmed on waters visited at long intervals in pursuit of sea and brown trout in various parts of Scotland and the isles, in Ireland, and as far off as the Shetlands. Before passing to any of these experiences I hope that I may be permitted a small digression to quote a little stanza which appealed to me when I first heard it a few days ago. Its bearing upon the subject of this article will appear in due course. It is called the "Fisherman's Prayer," and it runs:

"Lord suffer me to catch a fish, so large, that even I—in telling of it afterwards—may have no need to lie!"

By the way, I wonder who wrote that, and whether it has ever been in print before. I trust that, in the telling of it, I am not infringing a copyright. But here is the story.

While quite a youngster I was staying with some kind folk on the West Coast of Scotland in the early autumn. Whether because I was a bad shot (which I am still), or for some other reason, I was not included in the party for the moors on a particular day, and I was put under the care of an experienced gillie and sent up to a small loch which I was told contained some Loch Leven trout, all of them having been put in as fry three years before. It was



blowing fairly hard on that occasion, and the gillie must have had an anxious time when my unskilful casting caused my three flies occasionally to whistle past his ear, but I have never seen a boat better managed. He seemed to know exactly where the fish were and to keep me just within comfortable casting distance of them, with my cast well extended by the ripple. They were fine fighting fish. I cannot remember how many I caught, but they covered a very large meat dish which was put out suggestively in the hall to await my return. They were all taken on the Zulu—I remember that distinctly—and the biggest weighed over 3lb. The gut was strong and the rod a powerful one, so I do not mention the weight with any idea of self-glorification. Apart from the tribute due to the gillie for causing me to hook the monster on a small fly, it seems to me that most of the credit was due to the trout for succeeding in absorbing so much food as to put on 3lb. weight in three years. I can vouch for the weight, but not for the age, which I knew from hearsay, and that is inadmissible as evidence in a court of law. I wish that they did likewise in the South Country stream which I have the good luck to fish with a dry fly in these days, though, on second thoughts, perhaps things are better as they are. I pulled out a three-pounder, in beautiful condition, on 3 × gut a few days ago in about a minute and a half. That 3lb. Loch Leven, on the other hand, gave me about ten minutes of wild excitement round the little loch. For brown trout in a chalk stream give me, for choice, a 1½lb. fish in good condition. He makes the reel spin screechingly; the heavier ones, by their deliberate and dignified manœuvres, only make it turn.

But to get back to the lochs. All fishing is good, but some fishing is better than others. My personal view is that in loch fishing, especially from a boat, one is more dependent for enjoyment upon results than one is in stream fishing. There is not the same variety either in the casting, or in the playing and landing of a trout, and sooner or later we all discover, both in our vacations and in our recreations, that "the lack of mental interest saps the spirit and wears away the strength beyond the power of mere bodily comfort to prevent." I like that "mere bodily comfort." You generally get it when fishing from a boat, when the boat is suitable, and especially when you are seated in the stern. What I mean by suitable is when there is a thwart across the stern for you to sit upon when facing aft, so that you can fish in comfort when the boat is being backed to a good place. There is nothing to be commended in sitting facing the bows and having to twist your backbone to look in the direction in which you want to cast. Writing of the comfort of boat fishing reminds



PLAYING A FISH.



NEARLY READY FOR THE NET.



UP TO WINDWARD FOR A DRIFT.

me of occasions where it was anything but comfortable, when rain fell incessantly, and the thwarts and stern sheets were wet. That reminds me of another story of my youth, of days when I was desperately shy and foolishly particular about the correctness of my get-up when in London, where I had the misfortune to dwell. Frock coats of considerable length were then in vogue, and mine had been built in Savile Row, so I was well satisfied therewith. A few days before starting on a fishing holiday in Scotland I was strolling down some highly exclusive thoroughfare when I saw some children's waterproof paddling-drawers, of the usual type to wear over other clothing. It occurred to me that, barring their startling colours (broad green and yellow stripes), they would be admirable things to put on over one's nether garments when sitting in a wet boat. The shop was empty when I entered. In order to make sure that the drawers were big enough I tried on a pair. Imagine the

confusion of a shy youth in correct London garb, with green and yellow paddling drawers over his trousers and his coat tails, when confronted by a bevy of the fair sex who chose that moment to enter the shop. Later experience has taught me the value of small portable air-cushions for boat fishers on wet days, and I commend them to those without that experience. When deflated they take up very little room in one's pocket.

Loch fishing under certain conditions can be very monotonous. There is a foolish blank look about a sheet of water when you have flogged it for hours with constantly varied sets of artificial flies, and without any visible signs that the waters contain trout or any other fish likely to be deluded by your beguilements. But, on the other hand, the sport has its compensations. There are the constant varieties of weather and changes of sky, the perpetual hope of a sudden change for the better when things are at their worst, and the pleasant but unreasoning confidence in moments of elation, when things are at their best, that they will never change for the worse. Let me recall some of the pleasures which, after all, have a way of remaining in one's mind long after the periods of blank monotony have been forgotten. First, there is usually the walk to the loch, with its chances of interesting studies of wild life, but that is common to all sorts of fishing. Then there is the excitement of the first view of the water, the study of the surface, and of the amount and nature of the ripple thereon. Then the light, and how it catches the ripple. I suppose that we all have our own views on that subject. Personally, I do not like any sign of hardness, or blue or white gleam on the wavelets. A nice soft greyish tone

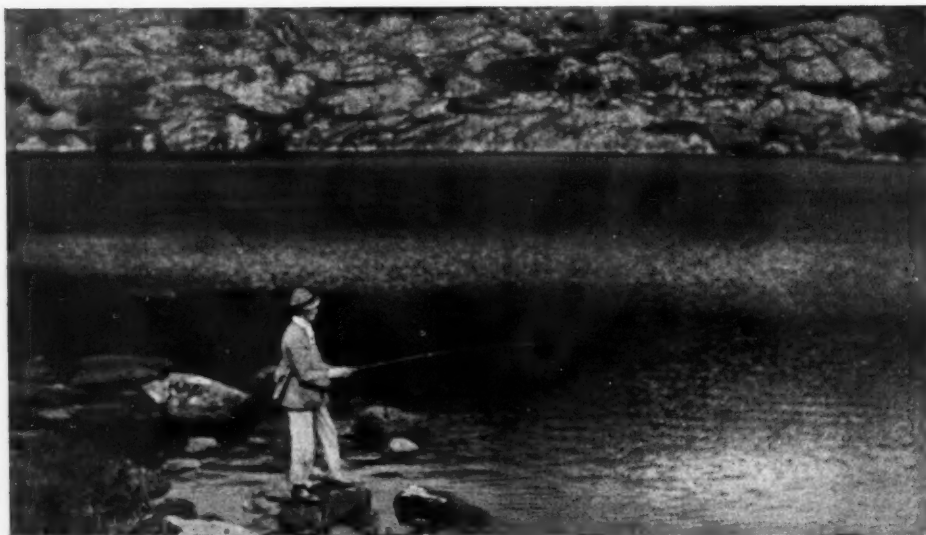


PAUSING AT A LIKELY SPOT.

seems more propitious. Then, above all, comes the companionship, in success and adversity, of the gillie with whom the day will be spent. By his personality and outlook on sport, and on life in general, it always seems to me that he has the power of making or of marring all pleasure in a day's loch fishing from a boat. If it is within one's province to select him, the power cannot be too carefully exerted. What remains to be mentioned? The fishing. Plenty of so-called rises, really tugs at one of the submerged flies which must be adjusted, for some unexplained reason, to the size of the wavelets. Big ones for a miniature sea, smaller for a light ripple, and the line should be cast straight, and kept straight all the time, or the hook will not fasten in the taking fish; there is no stream to pull the line, so the rod must keep it straight. That is where the handling of the boat is so important; if it drifts too fast towards the flies it means a constant slackening of the line. It can hardly drift too slowly or too silently; no rattling of oars in rowlocks. Then there comes the tackle, which constantly needs overhauling. A bad knot or poor gut once spoiled my only chance of a day's sport. It is always worth while to trail the flies while rowing up to the start for a drift, especially when passing a promontory or an islet or clump of reeds. Your chances of success when using this method of so-called fly fishing depend largely upon letting out the right length of line to sink the flies to the right depth; the faster the movement of the boat, the longer the line. I remember trying this once, when something big, probably a salmon, took hold of my large tail fly (grouse and orange) within a few minutes of the start. The gut parted at the first knot above

the fly. I fished for eight hours on that day in perpetual hope, but that was the only chance. Given sound gut and a well-hooked fish, there is no reason why every trout hooked in a loch should not be landed. Backing on the line prevents escape by a run, and the whole loch is open for evolutions which the boatman (we always get back to him) can follow if he is skilful with the oars.

I seem to have covered most of the features of loch fishing except its restfulness to the brain, so I will close these notes with good wishes for a tight line to those brain-weary folk who have the good fortune, in these hard times, to be looking forward to the prospect of a holiday to be devoted to fishing in lochs—when summer comes.

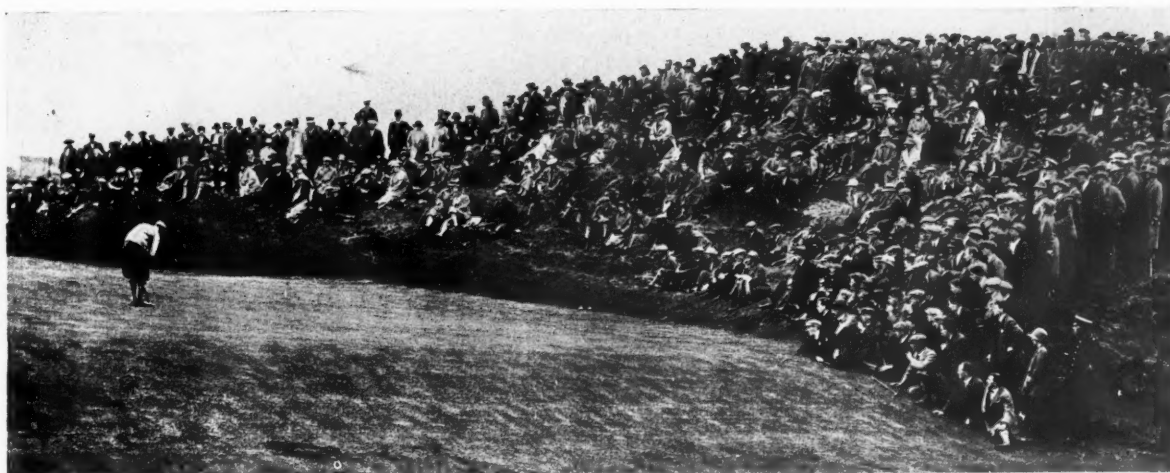


WHILE WAITING FOR THE BOAT



# HAVERS AND HAGEN

By BERNARD DARWIN.



HAVERS PUTTING ON THE SEVENTH GREEN AT TROON.

**H** AVERS' victory marks, I think, an epoch in British golf. It marks the arrival of the younger generation, of the post-war professional. It is true that Havers, as an infant prodigy of sixteen, played in the Championship of 1914—qualifying, incidentally, over Troon, the scene of his last week's triumph. But, to all intents and purposes, he is a golfer of the new school. The post-war amateurs, Mr. Wethered and Mr. Tolley, had arrived before; but Duncan, Hutchison and Hagen had won the Open Championships played since the armistice, and Havers is the first professional of his generation to step definitely into his kingdom. He has done it just at the right time. He is twenty-five years old. Success has not come too suddenly, for he has been acclaimed for the last three years as a potential champion; and, at the same time, he has not had to wait a discouragingly long while. With the enhanced confidence that this victory will give him and his experience of the last three years he should now be a very terrible player indeed and a stout shield against the invader.

That invader has been defeated, but by how desperately narrow a margin! When the Duke of Wellington rode into Brussels after Waterloo he gave Mr. Creevey his impressions of the great battle. "It was," he said, "a damned close-run thing;" and added, "By God, I don't think we should have won, if I hadn't been there." Havers can say the same of the battle of Troon, except that he need not say "I think." We assuredly should not have won if he hadn't been there, for America was second, Australia was third and Australia was fourth.

It was with great relief, and yet with genuine sympathy, that we saw Hagen's ball from his second shot go into the bunker close to the home hole in his last round. He wanted a three to tie, and even he could hardly do anything so diabolical as to hole a niblick shot. Had it been a putt, however long, we should have been on tenterhooks. It was an immense comfort to have the Cup safe at home again, for one year anyhow; and yet, we felt sorry for Hagen, for no man had ever spurted more gallantly in the last lap. Moreover, he had not had the best of fortune, and he is as good a loser as he is a fighter and a golfer. George Gadd, his partner, said he had never seen such fine golf and never seen a man so unlucky. What is good or bad luck at golf? It is hard to say; but certainly Hagen did not have what his compatriots call the "breaks," and time after time the difference of a mere fraction of an inch, as it seemed, would have made the difference of a stroke to him. Both at the sixteenth and seventeenth holes in his last round he played wonderful little chips from the edge of the green. At the sixteenth the ball was actually in and out of the hole, and at the other it was—leaving out the Duke of Wellington's favourite word—a very close-run thing.

Putting on one side this unsatisfactory question of luck, Hagen lost the Championship, as it seemed to me, because at each of three holes he lost two strokes. It is the common lot, even for the greatest, to lose one stroke now and then; but, as Hagen is reported to have said, "to lose two hurts." In his first round Hagen was bunkered close to the home green, fluffed his pitch, got rather luckily out, and then took three putts from not very far off. In his third round, after a perfect first nine holes, he half topped his tee shot at the tenth into a big bunker, a peculiarly gratuitous form of error; and, though he got a long way out his ball ended in a whin bush, and he did well enough to get a six at a four hole. Finally, in his last round, when he was again going magnificently, he took five to the dangerous little eighth hole, the character of which is denoted by its name, the "Postage Stamp." Here his tee shot left him in broken ground behind a bunker to the left of the green, and

playing, as I thought, rather too ambitious a shot, he went over into the bunker on the further side. Well, here were six shots lost in three holes, whereas Havers, as far as I know, never lost more than one stroke at any one hole. I certainly never saw him have anything like a real calamity. He just let a shot slip occasionally. In fact, he was the steadiest player in the whole field, and for that shining virtue alone he most thoroughly deserved to win the Championship.

No one can look at a Championship without trying to find critical moments and turning points. To me it appeared that the turning point in Havers' career arrived at the eleventh hole in the fourth round. The circumstances were supremely critical. Kirkwood, who began one stroke behind Havers, had started disastrously at the easy holes and was four over fours at the sixth. Then, when he came to what someone has christened Tattenham Corner, the point where the holes begin to zig-zag this way and that among sandhills and whins and there is great scope for catastrophe, Kirkwood "went mad" and did four



A SHOT BY THE NEW CHAMPION.

threes out of five holes, so that he had more than wiped out all his mistakes and seemed set for victory. Havers, on the other hand, had started as steadily as a rock and his score was all fours at that sixth hole; but where Kirkwood had begun to do threes Havers began to do fives. At the rate of two strokes a hole a winning lead soon melts away, and at the end of the tenth hole Havers had the worst of it. To make matters worse still he hooked into the rough at the eleventh. Then he showed his metal, put a fine iron shot on to the green, and holed a good long putt for a three. It was a courageously played hole, and the little bit of deserved good luck gave him just the fillip he wanted. From that moment he dropped but two strokes on absolutely perfect play, and that against a stiff breeze and with, as no doubt he felt, the weight of the world on his shoulders. I am sure he will bless the eleventh hole at Troon as long as he lives.

The more one sees of modern championships the more one realises that the battle is to the strong. The distance that the biggest of the big men hit today is colossal; their second shots, in consequence, are so simple that over four rounds in a wind the ordinarily good driver can hardly hope to live with them. Havers has every possible physical advantage. He is a very fine figure of a man, with splendid shoulders, and he uses his great strength with great self-control. His swing is rather a short one, even in these days of short swings, and he has a noticeable pause at the top, in which he seems to rally all his forces for the blow. He has fine balance and is very compact in his style, whether with wood or iron. It is interesting to observe that he has perceptibly changed his stance. He used to stand very "open" indeed. No other good player of the day had his right foot nearly so far forward. According to all modern golfing thought a very open stance means an unnecessary wrenching round of the body on the up swing and leads to inaccuracy sooner or later. Havers has lately put his right foot much further back. I should judge it is now but a few inches in front of the left. He has most certainly lost nothing



THIS TO SAVE IT.  
Hagen with a three to tie bunkered in his second.

in length, for his hitting, more especially against the wind, was tremendous; and he kept very straight, and never looked as if he would do anything else. His putting is, as in the case of so many of our good players, the least impressive part of his game. No one, after those four rounds of his, could call it bad, but it is not really convincing and it is not very bold. His stance on the green is easy and graceful, but he holds his left hand noticeably far over, with the knuckles upwards, and that, as I always think, gives a tendency to cut across the putts. It would not be at all surprising, however, to see him become a very good putter indeed, for he has a fine, placid, unworried temperament: he does not look unduly perturbed over a short putt before he attacks it or after he has, very occasionally, missed it. His courage, his tranquillity and his modesty make him a delightful player to watch and a worthy Champion.

## LAWN TENNIS: THE UNIVERSITY MATCH

GAMES of a good many kinds are played under the name of lawn tennis. There is, of course, first and foremost, "Wimbledon," where the game, like cricket at Lord's in the Eton and Harrow match, is, for a good many of the most assiduous spectators, the pretext for a social function; there is the Davis Cup match, an expensive business, invested with the formality which is inevitable when teams of different temperaments and ideals meet with their racial prestige at stake; there is the holiday tournament, partly exhibition and partly rag, with competitors taking part for reasons as varied as those ascribed to church-goers; and there is the "friendly" game, played for its own sake. And there is the Oxford and Cambridge match, which is in a category by itself. It combines the most attractive features of all the others. Like Wimbledon, it has its social side, for it takes place at a time when Oxford and Cambridge are full of sisters and cousins and aunts, all—especially the aunts—in their smartest frocks. It divides spectators more sharply into camps even than the Davis Cup, for—as is proved by standing in a boat-race crowd—it is not necessary to have matriculated at one of the two seats of learning to affirm with conviction that at the other they know nothing at all. It is rather the thing when watching a Davis Cup match to assume an air of detachment; and the indifference is genuine enough in these days, when, for some obscure reason, the decisive round is played far from these islands. But hardly anyone foregoes the excitement of being a partisan at an Oxford and Cambridge match. When one side starts very badly—as Oxford did in this year's lawn tennis match—there will be an Oxford man saying loudly that he, for his part, is glad to see them lose if they will play "like babies"—there being more passion in the intonation of the word "babies" than smacks of indifference; and there will be a Cambridge man saying that he, for his part, hopes that Oxford will win a few matches, because what he comes for is the sport of a close finish. But, bless you! it's not all true. The Oxford man's calm is seen to have been the calm of despair when he begins to cheer at the first faint indication that Oxford may make a fight after all; and as for the Cambridge man and his close finish, it turns out that he is vociferously anxious that it should be settled in favour of Cambridge while there are

still two or three matches to be played. The age-long feud between light blue and dark is an essential part of an Oxford and Cambridge match, and it makes the contest real and absorbing; but it is, in a way, confined to the colours. In spirit the games are all "friendlies." If you happen to hear an objection to the inclusion of an expert in one side or the conditions that have favoured the other, you may be sure that it comes from someone who is not playing himself. The tradition is for the players to be tacitly grateful that so much the greater honour will go with victory. Again, there is just enough formality to convince the looker-on that he is watching something important, but not enough to be irksome. There are umpires, but you may hear them ask as a matter of course if a ball that pitched near the corner was in or out; and there are numbered seats, but no one apparently insists on sitting in the seat he is entitled to.

Again, the lawn tennis is most varied, especially in the conditions adopted for the first time this year. Hitherto the three best singles players in each University met the three representing the other. This year there were six on either side—each playing the two on the opposite side who are, presumably, the nearest to him in strength. At the top of the list you got Mr. Kingsley, who, in a match at Oxford, recently beat Mr. Norton. Mr. Norton is notoriously a variable player, but there was a time two years ago when it was ten to one on his winning the Championship, and, with all reasonable discounting, such a result stamps the Oxford captain as a player with a future. You got, too, American players, such as Mr. Wilder and Mr. Van Alen, who, in the vigour of their return of the service or in their enterprise in hitting a backhand "on the rise," exhibit the development of the modern game. And you got, also, the straight up-and-down the court game of the ordinary player played with great activity. The match that gave Cambridge their eleventh victory and, therefore, the event last week was such a game. Neither Mr. Scovell of Cambridge nor Mr. Standing of Oxford introduced those voluntary variations of pace and direction with which champions tease champions, but they showed that a thoroughly entertaining and sporting game could be played without them.

E. E. M.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## A GREAT GREY SEAL IN A FIELD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The grey seal is born on the most inaccessible rocky islands, as far removed from inhabited islands and the mainland as possible, and for some considerable time after birth remains close to its nursery. The grey seal is usually met with in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, etc.; but, curiously enough, it is the species resident in the southernmost part of Great Britain, to wit, the Isles of Scilly, forty miles from Land's End. A farmer on the main island, that of St. Mary's, going home late one night, heard, coming from a freshwater tarn, tremendous splashings, accompanied by the most heartrending and piercing screams he had ever heard in his life. Thinking a woman was being murdered in the tarn, he and his family turned out with lanterns, but so dark was the night that nothing could be seen. At daybreak, accompanied by neighbours, the tarn was visited, but nothing was to be seen to account for the commotion of the night. Later in the morning, a woman who had been to draw water at a pump by the roadside rushed into the nearest farm to say that, lying just inside the gate, near the pump, was a curious animal like a lamb. On visiting the place, the farmers found a young grey seal in the pure white pelage. Scratching and biting as only a savage creature like the grey seal can, they carried it to the nearest cove and put it into the sea, hoping it would rejoin its parent in its native element, salt water. But it would not stay there, for as often as they put it into the sea it scrambled out and made its way overland into the freshwater tarn, and even into the fields beyond. For several days it remained there until, finally, a party of foreign sailors from a vessel in the harbour, hearing of its strange habitat, procured a gun and shot it. To reach the place where the woman found it, it had first to enter an almost land-locked cove and climb a high sandy beach; next a grass-covered space had to be traversed, followed by a furze-covered portion, until it reached the freshwater tarn. Coming out of the tarn, it had to cover a marsh and two fields, entailing the climbing of two dry stone walls. How it could do this and why it should leave its parent in the sea must ever remain mysteries.—H. W. ROBINSON.

## "STICKY."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wish to obtain information about a tennis game called "Sticky" or Squash Tennis. I have seen a court in India and it appears to me to be an ordinary hard lawn tennis court with a wall around it about 4ft. to 5ft. high. The ball is a rubber one without any covering and the bats are, I think, ordinary tennis rackets. I shall be greatly obliged if you could let me know if there is any book published which gives full particulars of the game as I am making a hard court and would like to make it a "sticky" court if I knew exactly what to do. The game being a combination of tennis and rackets appears to me to be more interesting than ordinary lawn tennis. If there is no book published giving particulars of the game, perhaps one of your numerous readers will be kind enough to give the information I require. The court I saw was in the compound of the Artillery Officers' Mess at Multan in the Punjab.—"PUNJABI."

## A BALD BLACKBIRD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a blackbird (cock) which I have watched for weeks in our garden. It has a white patch round the left eye, which at first was thought to be white feathers, but I have seen it quite close many times and it is bald like a rook, and the baldness is spreading in a line over the back of the head to the other eye. I have seen it shaking and ruffling out its feathers, so I imagine it is some parasitical affection. It has mated and had a nest, for I have seen it feeding its young. Do you know of any case like this, or is it quite a common thing?—A. M. K.

## QUARRELSOME FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Is there a class distinction among flowers? I was putting a number of varied blooms in a vase when an old lady interrupted me. "Don't do that," she said, "those flowers never will agree with any other bloom." I stared in astonishment until she explained that long experience and observation had convinced her that certain flowers will not agree with

others. Few flowers are on favourable terms with mignonette, and most blooms will droop and die in a short time if placed in the same vase as that sweet scented plant. Shirley poppies are quarrelsome creatures and if placed in the same vase as other blooms will cause the other flowers to droop rapidly, suffering themselves as well. Sweet peas are so aristocratic that they cannot bear to share a vase with any other flower and unless they are sole occupants of the vase they will droop and die. A very few lilies of the valley will cause trouble and bring early decay to any vase of blooms. Some flowers are so sensitive that they cannot bear to be on the same table as other varieties. What is the explanation?—W. S.

## A NATURAL WATER GARDEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder whether this very simple picture of a little English river will seem to you worthy of reproduction in COUNTRY LIFE. It seems to me that its unpretentious beauty makes it singularly near what the name of your paper conveys at the first hearing of it. Even in

numerous: so if there are about 600 wasps in an average community, there must have been between 200 and 300 hornets in the ash. The nest was on the land of a friend, who unfortunately did not discover it until in the autumn, so we never saw it in the full business of mid-summer. A pleasant and safe way of killing hornets, as they go in and out of an inaccessible nest, is to shoot them with a saloon gun and a pinch of dust shot.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

## A WHITE-TAILED THRUSH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Having recently read the correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE on "White Blackbirds," I think it may interest your readers to know that in our garden a song-thrush with a pure white tail is constantly to be seen on the lawn.—F. D. P.-W.

## THE BIRD OF SUMMER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One swallow may not make a summer, but there is no surer token that summer is



ON THE BOLDRE RIVER NEAR LYMINGTON.

such a summer as this a wonderful array of flowering plants unfold their blooms at the water's edge in such a place or float upon the stream.—S.

## HORNETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Once while fishing near Delhi I was stung by a hornet which had been feasting on the decaying remains of a turtle. As a result the poison was of the extremest virulence, and the effect on my unfortunate self was similar to snake bite, and I was only just dragged back from the threshold of that door through which there is no return. I have not met anyone who has been stung by a British hornet, but I do not imagine the sting would be nearly so dangerous as in a tropical country. In South Devon hornets are uncomfortably common, and the loud threatening boom of their wings is a familiar sound in summer. I had always imagined that hornets nested in quite small communities, but I lately came to know of a nest which must contain hundreds of individuals. It was situated high up in the branchless trunk of a large ash tree, in the disused nest of a green woodpecker, and was quite impossible to reach without climbing-irons. Standing near this ash on a warm day, one could see the hornets going in and out in such numbers that it was obvious the nest was of most unusual size. Comparing it with an ordinary wasps' nest, I should estimate the hornets as about half as

really here than the soft, purring rattle of the nightjar. In the still evening air, warmed by all May's sunshine, that peculiar yet not unmusical trill will commence, and we know at once that we are, at last, "knee deep in June." For the bird does not arrive until late in May, from its winter quarters in Africa, and leaves again not later than September, often earlier. The adult bird has a beautifully barred brown and buff plumage; the curved beak gives it a slightly hawklike appearance, but the mouth is fleshy and soft. The nest is the open ground, the two long-shaped eggs being laid among the grass and bracken; and the sitting bird so closely resembles her surroundings that it is almost impossible to discover her. Silent and still by day, when the early evening draws on the bird comes forth to hawk for moths, for beetles and other evening insects; or to lie, crouched along, not across, a branch, to utter its distinctive song, its churr rising and falling, now softer, now louder, usually lasting several minutes without a pause. The sound seems to fill the air, and one may stand in close vicinity to the bird and yet not be able to detect the spot in which it is. Gilbert White speaks of one sitting on the roof of a summer-house in which he and his friends were taking tea, and the vibration of its note was appreciably felt throughout the little building. It frequents all heathy, bracken-covered woodlands, and those whose homes are in such places know the delight of that voice that speaks from the soft, warm heart of summer.—MARY CARTER.

## RARA AVIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

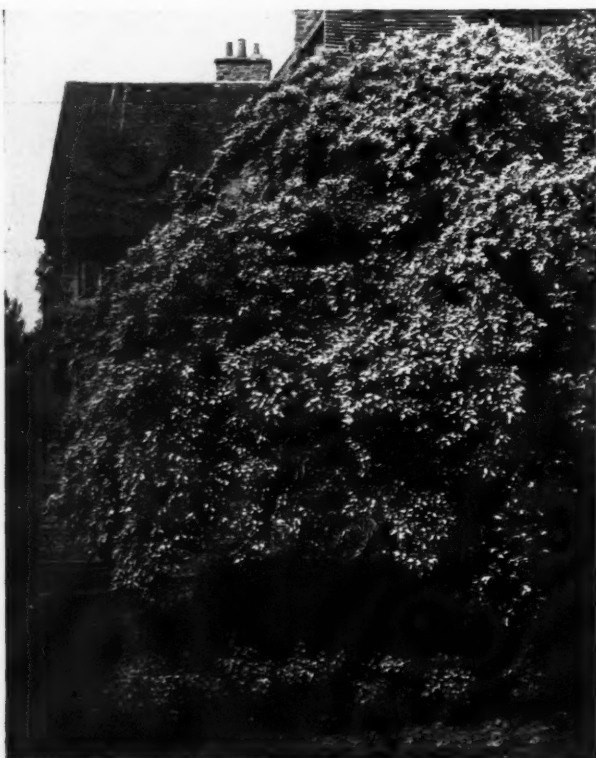
SIR,—The other day, on the Harrow, a hill near Hastings, a little bird alighted on a twig a few yards away from me. He was, undoubtedly, a warbler, but one of a species which I had never seen before. His head was coal black, as is the head of the great tit when he is at his best, the rest of him was white except his back and the sides of his wings. He was well in sight all the time he was on that tree—nearly a minute—and I examined him well and carefully noted his appearance. When I came in I turned up "Warblers" in Coward's "Birds of the British Isles," etc., and there under Sardinian warbler I found the following—"a small warbler with a jet black head and pure white under parts"—an exact description of the bird which I had seen.—J. PHILLIPS DAVIES.

## A BEAUTIFUL BLUE-FLOWERED SHRUB.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The effect of this great Californian lilac tree, its blue blossoms clear cut against the red tiles behind it, was so much more peaceful than the black and white of photography suggests, that I hardly care to submit it to you; but, perhaps, the multitude of its blossoms alone is wonderful enough to make it worth while to reproduce it. I photographed it in Mr. Thackeray Turner's lovely garden at Westbrook, Godalming.—H. C.

[Our correspondent's photograph shows a very fine specimen of Californian lilacs, or *Ceanothus thyrsiflorus*. Mr. W. J. Bean writes of these shrubs: "There are two distinct groups of *Ceanothus* well distinguished by their time and mode of flowering. The first flowers from the growths made the previous year and includes *C. dentatus*, *Lobbianus*, *papillosus*, *Veitchianus*, *thyrsiflorus* and others; the second flowers later in the year and on the current season's growths and to it belong the numerous garden hybrids raised from *C. americanus* and *azureus*, including *Gloire de Versailles*, *Indigo*, *Virginal*, *Perle rose*, etc. The first group is the more tender as a whole, evergreen and of taller growth, sometimes taking the shape of a small tree. In our average climate they are usually grown on walls, but one of them, *C. thyrsiflorus*, Californian lilac, is hardy in the London district. It is also the most tree-like of the *Ceanothuses* and in California is seen sometimes 40ft. to 45ft. high. Miss Willmott has had it 30ft. high at Great Warley in Essex, and it has been only slightly less at Kew. Just now a large group there is one of the most pleasing features in the place, being covered with pale blue blossom. Blue colouring is so rare in the flowers of hardy trees and shrubs that one is struck by the curious



BLUE FLOWERS AGAINST SCARLET TILES.

neglect of this species. Possibly, it is because it is not a particularly long-lived one. In my experience it begins to fail in vigour after it is about twenty years old, but in a softer climate and better air than that of Kew it may live longer in full health. In any case, cuttings taken in about a month's time from now take root readily in gentle heat. One warning is necessary; it transplants badly and should therefore be put in its destined place early, and if possible, be grown in a pot until that time. It grows very rapidly the first few years after planting out, making branching shoots 2ft. to 3ft. long during the summer."—ED.]

## AN HISTORIC BRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of the old Bridge of Devorguilla at Dumfries, which has been taken over by the Board of Works for preservation as an ancient monument. It was built in 1280. Another instance of the lady's large-hearted munificence was the building of Sweetheart Abbey, seven miles from the town. This was completed about 1284. Her husband, John Baliol, had died in 1269. His sorrowing widow had his heart embalmed, preserved in a casket of ivory and silver, and when the abbey had been completed she caused the precious relic to be enshrined beside the high altar. There she was herself interred, with her lord's heart upon her bosom, in 1289, her body being borne thither from Kempstone in Huntingdonshire. She further perpetuated her husband's memory by adding to the endowment of Baliol College, Oxford, which he had founded.—T. MILLAR.

## THE PUZZLE OF THE CUCKOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There are two interesting points about our old and much written about friend the cuckoo that deserve to be more widely known now that we are getting to know more of its life history. The particular hen cuckoo that is called "Cuckoo A" in Mr. Edgar Chance's book was under observation for five consecutive seasons in this country. If we take the single journey of migration as 5,000 miles and multiply this by ten, we begin to realise what a traveller she was and how well her journeys were planned and carried out in the face of many dangers by land and sea. Further, we do not know how many journeys she had made previously or how many she may yet make. The second point is a simple one that was asked me when giving a lecture on this interesting bird, viz., "Why does a cuckoo not build a nest and rear its young like other birds?" My answer, given on the spur of the moment was this and if wrong I should be grateful for help on this point. A hen cuckoo lays, on the average, seventeen or eighteen eggs each season and, according to one authority, no fewer than 145 different kinds of birds in different countries are called upon to be foster parents for her young ones. If we will only watch a pair of pied wagtails for instance, catering for the wants of a well grown young cuckoo, the answer to the question will soon be forthcoming. It takes a pair of birds all their time to keep a single young cuckoo supplied with food and he is constantly asking for more; it appears to me that it would be an impossible task for one pair of adult cuckoos to keep pace with the appetites of a family party of sixteen or seventeen. There are still very many points that we should like to clear up with regard to this interesting bird, for probably there is no bird that has more nonsense written about it than the cuckoo, and this we have got to try and put right.—ERNEST A. LITTEN.

## THE IRONWORKS OF SUSSEX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am the lucky owner of a Richard Lenard fireback, picked



THE BRIDGE OF DEVORGUILLA AT DUMFRIES.

up in a farmyard in Northamptonshire. My casting is in very good order, and the following information can be added to Mr. Rhys Jenkins' letter in your issue of May 26th. The two unknown quarterings of the shield present difficulties. That in the top right quarter looks like an inverted capital Y, that in the bottom left quarter is, I think, undoubtedly a weight, for it is repeated in a somewhat larger size between the legs of Mr. Richard Lenard, and similar shaped weights, with rings in the top, are to be seen with weighing machines. Surely the "hatched circle" to the left is a heap of ore being shot out of the barrow into the mouth of the furnace. The three articles between the legs in my casting are quite clear; they are the weight before mentioned, a three-legged cauldron, and a large key.—D. A. RAWLENCE.

## THE CAT AND THE TOAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am the possessor of a pedigree blue Persian cat, aged seven years. A short time ago she presented me with several kittens, all of which, I regret to say, bore little resemblance to herself. However, I kept one of them, which, with its mother, passed the first fortnight of its existence in a basket of hay, placed in a corner of an old summer house in the garden, distant from the house about 50yds. One morning, while I was very much occupied, the mother cat came running into the house, mewing pitifully and incessantly. I tried to comfort her, but like Rachel of old, she refused to be comforted. A little irritated at being disturbed from my work, I followed the cat into the garden. She led the way into the summer house and there, sitting in the middle of her basket, was a huge toad! The kitten was crouching, as near as possible to the side of the basket. I promptly removed the toad, when pussy sprang into the basket with her kitten and proceeded, with much vigour, to lick herself and her kitten, which she seemed to think had been contaminated by the presence of the unwelcome visitor. I wonder why she did not attack the toad. She is a plucky little mother and usually quite capable of protecting her little family from those who dare to intrude upon her domestic privacy.—ADA LOCKE RADFORD.

## YOUNG ROOKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps some of your readers would be kind enough to explain the reason of the rather high death roll among young rooks. I have two rookeries under observation and in both cases the young rooks are found dead underneath the nesting trees fully fledged. No shooting being allowed in either case I can only surmise that the young rooks, being weak on the wing after leaving the nest, crash into some obstacle and so kill themselves.—H. HYDE.



# DILIGENCE AND HIS NEWBURY CUP WIN

## AN OPINION ON THE THREE YEAR OLDS

**L**ORD LONSDALE'S Diligence won the Newbury Cup last week in a way which should long stand as an example to all good favourites of the people. We will admit that the horse was well handicapped, which of itself must be a big consideration in the making of a favourite. Diligence at 9st. in this company, after dead heating with Simon Pure under a considerable weight for the Jubilee Handicap, was something to fascinate the students of racing, who are mainly guided by public form. It was not as if the Newbury handicap had been made before the Kempton Park race. It was made some time afterwards, and it was not right that the handicapper should be this time saved from the consequences of his leniency. Lord Lonsdale is a scrupulously non-betting owner, and the fact of the horse having such a big chance on paper would not benefit him in a betting sense. But, of course, he would welcome the victory, knowing, too, that the public were able to share in it with so much profit and pleasure.

Other owners, being of normal intelligence, realised that Diligence would only have to be himself to be sure of winning the race, and many of them preferred to wait and fight another day. Of those, then, that took the field; not one was seriously fancied, with the result that for a well-endowed handicap the starting price of the favourite and winner was the astonishing one of 6 to 5 on. Backers have cause for a grumble, since they now complain that when at last a favourite has won a big race the price was such as to do them very little good. As a matter of fact this Newbury Cup cannot well be described as a big race. There was no ante-post betting on it. I call a race a big one, which has traditions, and which is made the medium of much ante-post betting. It is in such races that favourites are so shy of doing what Diligence did, and that is why the example of that horse should stand as the ideal to be aimed at. Favourable weighting, a shrunken opposition, a good horse, and a good jockey, proved an unbeatable combination in this Newbury race, and it must always be so except that the combination in perfect harmony is so seldom forthcoming.

Diligence is by the big sire of the moment—Hurry On. That sire was a most imposing example of the big thoroughbred himself when in training and, after all, though he only ran as a three year old, he was never beaten. I am told he is a magnificent creature to-day at Lord Woolavington's stud at Lavington Park in West Sussex, and some day soon I hope to look at him again. Captain Cuttle and Diligence are evidence that he is proving capable of getting big fine boned horses, also in a high class as racehorses. In that sense, therefore, he is going to do incalculable good to the breed. Diligence is from the mare Ecurie, and I believe that she was carrying him when Captain Greer, with that marked inspiration which seems to direct his most successful management, bought her for the National Stud. The colt as a yearling was one of those selected for leasing purposes to Lord Lonsdale on the usual terms of half winnings going to the lessee and half in this case back to the National Stud or the national exchequer.

Royal Lancer was one of them and, as everyone should know, he won the St. Leger last year, though reckoned on the training ground to be 7lb. inferior to Diligence. I believe Lord Lonsdale and his trainer had the greatest hopes of Royal Lancer as a four year old, but about the middle of last month he badly rapped a joint in a gallop and, accordingly, will not see a racecourse again until, I suppose, the autumn. But I am assured that he has thickened (which he required to do), and has generally made up into a very fine horse. Diligence is of quite another type. You see the very distinct Spearmint character in Royal Lancer, and as a three year old, at any rate, he was lathy compared with the big, burly and almost thick-set son of Hurry On. Diligence would almost carry Lord Lonsdale to hounds, from which you will understand that he is of the weight-carrying type. Whatever he was as a three year old, and he could not possibly be rated particularly high, he is relatively a much better racehorse now as a four year old. Certainly my words will read with perfect truth if he should have won the Gold Cup at Ascot this week or even should he have run well in the race. I expect he appreciated the change from Newmarket to Beckhampton. Change is good for horses at all ages, as for humans, and I, personally, attribute the way Diligence has come on, firstly, to the fact that a good Hurry On seems to improve with age, because they are naturally too big to be hurried as youngsters, and to the change from Newmarket to Beckhampton.

I have suggested that he might have had something to do with the winning of the Ascot Gold Cup race, but as to that I shall have something concrete to write about in a week's time. It is, however, rather singular that Tangiers should have won the Jubilee Handicap in 1920, taken this Newbury race *en route* to Ascot, and then the Gold Cup on the disqualification of Buchan. Here we have Diligence sharing the honours of the Jubilee Handicap with Simon Pure, winning the Newbury Cup, and going on to Ascot. You will know by this time what his luck has been. I suppose that after this season he and Royal Lancer will be

returned to Captain Greer, and, if they are not sold for a big sum as stallions, they might conceivably come to take their place at the National Stud, though the director will not care to over-stock the establishment with stallions. He has Silvern there, and I heard some time ago that he has made up into a beautiful horse.

One other race I should like to refer to at Newbury and that was the Royal Stakes of a mile and a quarter, which Pharos won for Lord Derby. When he was sent to Newbury to win this race it was exactly a week after his pretty severe race against Papyrus for the Derby, and some doubted whether he would be able to do himself justice. But though he had gone rather lighter than was the case at Epsom, he was fresh and hearty in every sense, which may be said to have justified the policy of running him. You might suppose that this could not have been so as he only won by a short head, apparently all out, from a colt of the same age named Kelvin, in receipt of 21lb., unthought of and unconsidered by the general public until that most thrilling moment when Pharos looked like being beaten. All's well that ends well, and so I do not propose to say much about this race. Pharos ought to have had an easy race and he should have had a couple of lengths to spare at the finish. Yet his jockey found trouble of every sort, and then was bumped by the small jockey Smirke on Kelvin. The Stewards quite properly had something to say to him about that, and altogether the race was only satisfactory in the sense that the best one at the weights in Pharos did actually win.

Up to the time of writing another of the Derby field has won a race. I refer to Topboot, a winner at Gatwick for Mr. Foxhall Keene. Here he was essaying something rather less ambitious than the Derby, and it was a handicap for three year olds only. Maybe Parth will have done some good work this week at Ascot, but I understand that the Derby winner Papyrus was to forego his engagement in the Ascot Derby. Clearly the race at Epsom has taken something out of him. Doric, fourth at Epsom, has a claim to allowances, and was a likely one for this week, but he, too, cannot be sent and I am assured that Town Guard and Knockando will not be seen out for some time. So much for the Derby horses. I formed the opinion early in the year, based largely on impressions of the two year olds, that we should have a better lot of three year olds than has been the case for some years past. Town Guard, Legality, Pharos, Papyrus, Cos, and Twelve Pointer, were individuals of the highest promise. Papyrus, it is true, is the Derby winner, and everyone concedes that he is a very nice horse indeed, but lacking in that distinction which attached to the outstanding Derby winners of the past. Both he and Pharos are slightly undersized, and though having courage and perfect action one gets the idea that they would be so much better were they rather bigger, were there in fact more of them.

It is singular to reflect now that the two year olds of last season, which the official handicapper, Mr. F. T. Dawkins, rated as being at the top and third respectively, should now be so discredited, at any rate for the time being. Looking at that Free Handicap again I am reminded how Town Guard was placed at the top with 8st. 8lb., and barring Drake at 9st. 4lb., not likely to be seen on a racecourse again because he broke down in training, there came next the grey horse Legality. What was wrong with Town Guard can only be a matter of conjecture, but we did not see the real Town Guard. I am not so sure about Legality. The real Legality as a three year old will not give his running in public, and is, therefore, a defaulter in every sense. This was the Legality we saw in the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. He was forgiven the first time. He was said to have jarred himself, to have stumbled and been pulled up by his jockey, and so on. The truth is that he pulled himself up, and he did the same thing in the Derby, simply refusing to carry on when he thought he had done enough.

Then take others in that Free Handicap, rated highly by the handicapper, but now exposed in their nakedness, as it were. Duncan Grey is alleged to be touched in the wind, and in any case I do not think he has done well in a physical sense. Friar's Melody has done nothing; Cos and Scyphus are sprinters; Suryakumari cannot stay; Twelve Pointer has gone the wrong way since he came out in the early part of the season; and My Lord will have to look the part before he is accepted again as a high class one. Altogether I am satisfied with the three year olds of 1923 are once again most disappointing as a whole. My first impressions have undergone a complete change. I have seldom seen a more moderate looking lot go out for the Derby—I am writing of them as a whole—and what transpired in the race, and since, leaves in me no sort of doubt as to the disappointment which has been incurred over them. Perhaps if Drake had trained on he would have been the exception we seem to have been waiting for these several years back. It is a great pity that he met trouble which could not be overcome, for I am sure all associated with him firmly believed that he was an exceptional horse.

PHILIPPOS.

# FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

To the Adventurous, by E. Nesbit.  
(Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

Our Earth Here, by Dolf Wyllarde.  
(Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

The Derelict and Other Stories, by Phyllis Bottome. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

EXCELLENT collections of short stories by one author and less excellent collections of short stories by several authors have been one of the outstanding features of the last few months where books are concerned. *To the Adventurous* well deserves its place in the first category. The name story, which is a ghost story of a sort, is not the best of the nineteen in the book. "The Kiss," "The Blue Rose"—a quietly humorous tale of country life—and "The Unfought Duel" with its tragic ending, all deserve higher praise. Mrs. Nesbit's stories are all very English in their atmosphere and very well worth reading. Miss Dolf Wyllarde's twenty-two stories, on the contrary, are set in all sorts of unlikely corners of the earth, and very well their backgrounds are sketched in. "The House in the Sands," though a desert story, is one not easy to forget; "Colour," a story of Jamaica and the bitter heritage of black blood, and "The Salt of the Earth," a Pacific Island story of much originality, may be picked out from among its contents. Miss Phyllis Bottome, who enchanted us with "The Servant of Reality" and wearied us a little with "The Kingfisher," has collected here one longish story and nine short ones, almost all of which must rank with her best work and place her volume definitely among the most excellent of the books of short stories which have been published this year. *The Derelict* is one of those works of fiction which triumphantly justify the choice of a rather unusual length. To have made it shorter or longer would have spoiled it, and, as it stands, this story of a man and the two women who loved him—Emily, the good and self-complacent, and Fanny, the wicked and understanding—is a little masterpiece. There is a tiny description of St. Ives put with fine discrimination into Fanny's mouth—"Funny those roofs are: they look for all the world like the seagulls' wings"—which will stay in one's memory and flash out again some day when eyes want words, a treasure trove. "Brother Leo" is another gem, and I must admit to enjoying the story of Mrs. Watkins and how she murdered her abominable husband, in spite of the fact that, on the whole, I find that murder in fiction wants a great deal of justification from an artistic standpoint. S.

Revolving Lights, by Dorothy M. Richardson.  
(Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)

IT seems a very long time since Miss Richardson first introduced us to Miriam Henderson. Her story has run through some seven volumes now, and in this, the latest, she does not seem very much older than she did a book or two ago, or any more likely to share the common fate of heroines and live happily ever after. As a matter of fact, I feel sure that when (or if) Miriam does marry we shall certainly not see the last of her; but an event of such magnitude occurring in her life will make the volume which chronicles it of outstanding interest. There is very little story in the present book, and, as far as I can see, we take leave of her for the moment very much as we found her; but there is all the extraordinarily brilliant dissection of this girl's mind which we have had in its predecessors, fewer dots, more obscurities, and some of those passages of keenest psychological insight which have earned Miss Richardson's deserved reputation. S.

Lord-Lieutenants in the Sixteenth Century, by Gladys Scott Thomson.  
(Longmans, 9s.)

BEFORE the days of bureaucracy the Lord-Lieutenants formed the chief link between the Secretary of State and the various counties. Invented and temporarily appointed by Seymour or Northumberland during the stormy years of Edward VI's reign, the Lieutenants rapidly became the chief crown agents in the shires for supervising the levies which formed the army and in consolidating the gentry. These latter considering themselves every whit their equals, much was done by discussion and conference. Having benefited by the dissolution, the gentry were, naturally, bound to a Sovereign in whose maintenance was comprised probably that of their own estates; and on her side, Elizabeth at her accession realised their

importance as virtually holding the armed force of England, and accordingly perfected the organisation of the Lieutenants. It is during her reign that their full importance is most evident. Thus, beginning as a temporary expedient, they have remained an institution. Miss Scott Thomson has traced the somewhat obscure history with great care, with many sidelights on the local life of England.

A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method, by Sir Banister Fletcher. 6th Edition. (Batsford, 2 gns.)

THIS great work, first printed in 1896, has now been rewritten by Sir Banister Fletcher, who collaborated with his father in the production of the first edition. So far as any one book can chronicle adequately all the branches of human building, this volume has succeeded. The second half of the title indicates the lines adopted; each period in each country has been divided into five sections, namely, Influences, Architectural Character, Examples, Comparative Analysis, Reference Books. Influences are subdivided into six—Geographical, Geological, Climatic, Religious, Social and Historical; while the Analysis has seven subdivisions dealing with the various features of buildings. Additional chapters are added to each country on their modern architecture, and throughout, the architects responsible are mentioned in great numbers. About three thousand five hundred illustrations, drawings and photographs, maps and plans supplement the letterpress, and, though many of them are very small, are admirably clear. In the successive revisions errors which existed in the earlier editions have mostly been eliminated; a few, however, remain, such as that on page 772, where Deane is credited with the Library, Christ Church, Oxford, which is an eighteenth century building—Meadow Buildings is what Deane actually designed. In a text book such as this criticism is necessarily excluded in favour of facts. But such exclusion is also a grave limitation to the book's value to the student of architecture, who, more than all other students, needs to be critical. This work must therefore be used in conjunction with such books as Statham's "Critical Survey of the World's Architecture" for its full value to be forthcoming.

## SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

"Lord make me crystal clear for Thy light to shine through," wrote Katherine Mansfield in her private journal, some passages from which are quoted in the introduction to *The Dove's Nest and Other Stories* (Constable, 6s.). Such an attitude to art—to a form of art only now retrieving, and largely through her, the position from which it had been swept by the flood of the magazine story proper—is not only a beautiful thing, but in a sense the key to Miss Mansfield's peculiar art. This book contains stories and fragments of stories written after the publication of "The Garden Party." *The Collapse of Homo Sapiens* (Putnam's Sons, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. P. Anderson Graham, is fully reviewed on p. 893 in an article by Miss Constance Holme. Late in the day a copy of *Victoria* (Gyldendal, 5s.), by Knut Hamsun, has reached me; it is, at a glance, remarkable for its excellent printing, and shall receive a fuller notice. Miss Ianthe Jerrold, whose verse is well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, has a novel, *Young Richard Mast*, just published by Messrs. Leonard Parsons at the usual price; and Mr. Jonathan Cape has produced this week *Old Brandy* (7s. 6d.), by Miss Louise Valmer, a quite outstanding novel, and *The Noose of Sin* (6s.), by Mr. Francis Carco. "The Dippers," was one of the funniest books of the century, faulty if you like, imperfect but irresistible: Mr. Ben Travers has not so far recaptured his first careless rapture, but I take up *Rookery Nook* (Lane, 7s. 6d.) with at least hope that he has now achieved the miracle. Messrs. Hutchinson's bundle this week gives me, as far as fiction is concerned, *Enchanted Casements*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, *The Heart Knoweth*, by Mrs. Horace Tremlett, and *The Man*

*Behind*, by the indefatigable Mr. G. B. Burgin. From Messrs. Hurst and Blackett comes *Punch and Holy Water*, by Mr. John Freeman. All four of these books are published at 7s. 6d.; but Mr. John Long still bravely perseveres in charging the shillings only for books appearing under his auspices, to wit, *Murid Wins Through*, by the late Mr. Guy Thorne; *The Chinese Bungalow*, by Marion Osmond, and *The Judas Way*, by Charles Whitton. *The Man Who Lived Alone* (Jarrold, 7s. 6d.) is the work of another contributor to COUNTRY LIFE, Miss Almey St. John Adcock. *Odd Fish* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Stacy Aumonier and Mr. George Belcher, is a series of sketches by two hands in two media, and they are exactly what might be expected of their makers. A highly happy combination.

One of the week's literary events, it goes without saying, is the publication in book form of Mr. John Drinkwater's play, *Robert E. Lee* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.), only just before its production at the Regent Theatre—which will be an accomplished fact before these words appear.

A book—in a certain sense of travellers' tales—which is bound to occasion interest is *Isles of Illusion* (Constable, 7s. 6d.), for which Mr. Bohun Lynch has edited the letters which his friend "Asterisk" wrote from certain of the Pacific Islands. Miss Grace Ellison, who wrote *An Englishwoman in Angora* (Hutchinson, 18s.), is the only Englishwoman who up to that time had been in Angora since the Nationalist movement began. She seems to have had both dangerous and interesting adventures, and remains a strong champion of Anglo-Turkish friendship. *Religion, Folk-lore and Custom in North Borneo and the Malay Peninsula* (Cambridge University Press, 20s.) is by Mr. Ivor H. N. Evans, a member of the staff of the F.M.S. Museums. *Switzerland in Summer*, Part II (Mills and Boon, 5s.), will interest all who go or intend to go to Switzerland in the summer. It is by those experts in all things Swiss, Mr. and Mrs. Will Cadby.

Books on sport include *Rowing* (Lippincott, 12s. 6d.), by two well known American oarsmen, Richard A. Glendon and Richard J. Glendon, and *The Lawn Tennis Tip Book* (Mills and Boon, 2s.), by Mr. A. E. Beamish: *The Life of Fred Archer* (Hutchinson, 18s.), by E. M. Humphris, very well illustrated, certainly comes under this category; so, perhaps, does *Angling Adventures of an Artist* (Murray, 9s.), by Mr. John Shirley-Fox. I cannot make up my mind whether to include Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge's *Romance of Commerce* (The Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), a new edition, among sporting books or no. On the whole, I am inclined to leave it there, for commerce is a tremendous game, almost as absorbing as golf.

Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard breaks what may almost be considered new ground in assessing the effect on American history of the changing strategic situation in the Atlantic, in his *America and the Atlantic* (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.). *Letters to My Grandson on the Glory of English Poetry* (Mills and Boon, 4s.) is by Mr. Stephen Coleridge, a companion volume to that on the Glory of English Prose. *A Century of Welsh Music* (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.) is from the authoritative pen of Mr. John Graham. *Pamela's Dream History of England* (Mills and Boon, 5s.), by Miss Rachel T. Byng, should completely bewilder any young person sufficiently versed in history to follow its allusions.

*Practical Plant Ecology* (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is by Mr. A. G. Tansley; and *The First Book of Grasses* (Macmillan, 6s.), by Miss Agnes Chase. From the last-named publishers comes *The Home Vegetable Garden* (8s.), by Miss Ella M. Freeman, and from the Rolls House Publishing Company we have received *Outdoor Pigs: How to Make Them Pay* (2s. 6d.), a symposium on this subject by well known pig breeders.

The first six volumes of *The Contemporary British Artists Series* (Benn Brothers, 8s. 6d. each) have reached us: they deal with the art of Augustus John, Sir William Orpen, George Clausen, William Rothenstein, William Nicholson and Paul Nash, and are excellently illustrated.

*Historic Textile Fabrics* (Batsford, 21s.), by Mr. R. Glazier, very well illustrated, has also been received. An excellent production is *Simple French Cookery for English Homes* (Heinemann, 5s.), by X. Marcel Borleston. S.



## SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

## BIOGRAPHIES OF SHOOTING ENTHUSIASTS.

THOSE keen on shooting should never lose an opportunity of picking up any books on the subject which contain facts and data likely to prove of permanent interest. More especially does this apply to records of the pre-war period of game shooting, since it is likely to prove a zenith epoch characterised by the existence of large estates personally cared for by their owners without stint of outlay. The sport enjoyed was the main perquisite to recoup an expense and endeavour which benefited the whole countryside. Yet there is but scant literature showing who were the leaders in this era and the records and performances associated with their names. Much valuable information on these lines is contained in an opulent volume entitled "British Sports and Sportsmen," which emanated in 1913 from 41 and 42, King Street, Covent Garden. For frontispiece it offers a fine photogravure of the King standing ready for a shot with his trusty hammer gun. There are, besides, 103 similar presentations of other shooting men of note, together with biographies full of intimate facts bearing on their favourite sports. I say sports advisedly, for, although shooting is, in this particular issue of what was intended to be a comprehensive series, the central subject of interest, the records serve once more to prove that the true sporting spirit owns no boundaries, in fact is essentially versatile. Some names one would expect to see included are missing, but their absence must be ascribed to that spirit of modesty which assails so many of the best among us. Likewise, the narratives which do appear are usually marked by a restraint depriving us of many facts and sidelights we should wish to glean. Apparently the production, which is of Family Bible dimensions, was published in a limited edition of 1,000 copies at 7 guineas; yet the specimen which has inspired these remarks had been reduced to £2 10s., and was also subject to a general offer at half the prices marked. If other copies are available at an equally low figure they should certainly be found appropriate homes. Though the opening essays do not profess to deal with the subject exhaustively, several of them are of very high merit.

## THE INCLEMENT SPRING.

Since I last wrote about game rearing prospects there has been a continuance of the winter coldness, which of necessity implies not only northerly winds but a continuously clouded sky. Writing on June 18th I can submit estimates of the hardships inflicted on the new-born stocks. Let us assume that pheasant chicks began to make their appearance during the second and third weeks of May. They came into a cold and bleak world, dry it is true, but with most of the insect life well out of reach. Hardly once has there been any warming sun to bring ants' eggs to the surface where scratching may unearth them. As a consequence progress has been slow and only the birds of strong stamina have made headway; few having yet grown those abbreviated tails which, when cocked at a saucy angle, prove that all is going well. Partridges, though coming later, have not so far fared better. Where the Euston system is practised, and the eggs as laid are put under hens, the first batches would have chipped towards the third week in May, while the last are just about coming off in company with the unassisted broods. Clearly, the Euston-produced families will be at a disadvantage because of the very pains which have been taken to introduce them to the world before the accustomed date. Since any moment may see the sudden arrival of summer and with it the bursting into life of myriads of insects, the normally produced partridges are likely to have the best of the deal. Devastating storms have, with one exception, been absent, hence there has been dry herbage and pleasant conditions for getting about. The exception was on May 29th, the opening day of the Chelsea Flower Show, when a continuous downpour of cold and driving rain struck the south-eastern counties with great severity and must have done serious harm to the early wild pheasants, which were all out by that time, also flooding many of the low-placed partridge nests. In the rearing fields there was, fortunately, the accustomed means for countering so serious a menace to the season's prospects. The earlier fears of a hay cutting in the midst of the partridge nesting season were allayed by the sudden cessation of growth, with the result that tentative cuttings did not begin until the 14th instant. The temptation to await a spell of ripening sunshine is bound to influence many decisions.

## CONGENIAL TO THE DUCK TRIBE.

In one of these notes of a short while back I discussed the several causes which favour an increase of the wild ducks up and down the country, naming among them the neglect of surface drainage. Having had occasion several times lately to travel by the Kent and East Sussex branch railway from Robertsbridge, which follows the valley of the Rother, I have been able to study a case in point, not necessarily a bad case, for the main stream appears to be in good order, but still one which exemplifies

sad waste of good pasture land through the neglect of ditches. The line itself is margined on either side by stagnant, overgrown and clogged water courses, denial of free passage of their contents keeping much land which ought to be of high value in a badly waterlogged condition. Many of the drains which intersect the fields are overgrown with reeds, so forming a natural haunt for wildfowl. In the wet weather of the recent months much of the area has been chronically spread with water, the floods having been in evidence as lately as the beginning of the month of June. In the past the cleanings of the ditches have been piled on the bank sides, with the result that the flow of water from adjoining low levels has been checked. Apparently, all the drainage passes into the main river by gravitation, no attempt having been made to establish the river at a higher level and keep the marshes clear by windmills or other pumps. Of course, no casual survey would enable anyone to pronounce on the merits of a watercourse, but what is certain in the present case is that what should, economically speaking, be a perfectly maintained grazing area possesses far more attractions for wildfowl than would exist if measures were taken to counteract the periodic floodings and generally to lower the saturation level of the soil to the level which favours the growth of succulent herbage. Reverting to the question of insect shortage, there possibly never was a year when the early nesting habits of the duck brought greater disaster than during the past weeks, death being the inevitable fate of wild broods of tiny ducklings when the backwaters and ditches lack the flies necessary for their food. The risk is ever present, and that is why the first clutches should invariably be incubated under hens.

## IS THE TOP LEVER A DISTRACTION IN AIMING?

A particular shooter who entertains very definite ideas about guns, and has superlative skill in using them, decided



MODEL OF A TRAP-SHOOTING GUN.

some time before the Captive Birds Act swept suddenly into law to have a pigeon gun built according to a design which experience had suggested to be desirable. Unhappily for him, it was finished just at the time when its premeditated purpose was made illegal, the illustration showing the care which had been lavished on its contours. Whether it may find employment in the hands of a clay bird shooter is problematical, since the owner cherishes it with unstinted affection. Where it is interesting to the shooting man is in the choice of an underneath fastening instead of the practically universal top lever. The effect aimed at was a clear and unimpeded view over the top of the action, hence complete freedom from projections, joints and other possible eye distractions. We all remember how one or two of the most fashionable gunmakers continued to make the side system of lever long after the more modern alternative had been perfected, but even this concession to the advantage of a clear top is no longer pushed as formerly. The underneath lever would undoubtedly be slow in loading, though this is no disqualification in any form of trap shooting; but the side lever needs only a little practice to become practically as facile as the conventional type. However, where the specimen here illustrated is of peculiar interest is that it pictures in a very practical way the ideal form of action if quick and certain alignment only is considered, also it suggests that although we are unconscious of the top lever and its joint to some extent the combination may detract from certainty of aim. Military pattern rifles are, of course, hopelessly bad in the sense that the barrel, by screwing into the action, must of necessity leave an upstanding collar to act as the barrel screw socket; hence results a line of sight materially elevated above the barrel.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## A TURNOVER OF £1,000,000

**S**ALES representing a turnover of approximately a million sterling have recently been notified, and the market for land shows an improving tendency.

Colonel C. W. Sofer Whitburn obtained £58,000 for 1,362 acres of Addington Park at the Maidstone auction held by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, the house being reserved. Recent sales by the firm of 16,000 acres aggregate £630,000. They are appointed to sell the Master of Elibank's estate of Darn Hall, 1,994 acres, twenty miles or less from Edinburgh. Coed-y-Celyn, on the banks of the Conway at Bettws-y-Coed, is shortly for sale. The firm has for disposal Richings Park, Iwer, a house enriched by the art of the Adam Brothers, and having associations with many famous men of letters.

To-day (Saturday) at Winchester Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will sell Awbridge Danes, 492 acres, on the outskirts of the New Forest, with fishing in the Test, 600yds. from one bank, and perch fishing in the lake. It is also an excellent shooting estate. If not sold as a whole there may be as many as fifty-one lots. Morland Hall, Alton, 144 acres, is also to be submitted in one or seven lots. Next Tuesday the firm will offer Felixstowe House, for years the home of Field-Marshal Lord Allenby. Hedsor, the seat of Lord Boston, adjoining Cliveden, 470 acres, is for sale on the following day at Hanover Square. It is a fine house, in the Italian style, erected in 1867, with towers at each corner of the main structure. The site is 300ft. above sea level. Next Thursday Pitt House, Hampstead Heath, will be offered; and on Friday at Three Bridges Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are selling Woodhurst, Crawley, 257 acres, as a whole or in ten lots.

## LORD GLANELY'S PURCHASE.

**L**ORD GLANELY has paid £28,000 for the late Mr. F. Bibby's Lanwade and Exning estate of 400 acres, Newmarket, which was for sale by Messrs. Lacy Scott and Sons and Mr. O. E. Griffiths.

Annesley, the seat of Constance Duchess of Westminster, in the heart of the New Forest, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. This delightful property, four miles from Brockenhurst, includes a well built and pretty house of red brick and black and white with red tiled roof on a high site well retired from the road. The house has an electric lighting installation, central heating and a garage for three cars. Close by are two or three cottages, one of which is fitted with a bathroom. A large sum has been most effectively expended in laying out and improving the gardens. Long herbaceous borders and a rose garden, and a lily pond fed by the stream which flows through the grounds are worthy of note, and so are the Spanish garden and tennis courts. About half the area of the 7 acres of grounds is devoted to fruit and vegetables, and there is a large hothouse in three sections stocked with vines, figs, peaches and nectarines, and carnations. Hunting is to be had five days a week, and the golf links at Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst, Broadstone and Stoneham are within easy reach.

## AN ANCIENT HOUSE AT WENDOVER.

**L**ADY LAWSON WALTON is selling Wellwick House, Wendover. It was built in the year 1616, but in design belongs to the century before that, and, though the house has rather more creeper spreading over its walls than we care to see, it is still in the main as sound as on the day it was built. There are, almost adjoining, a couple of fine old barns, both timber-framed. Wellwick is on two floors partly flint and partly brick. The south elevation was refronted with brick in the eighteenth century, when apparently gables were done away with, leaving a plain parapet on that side. The north elevation, of flint with brick dressings, has three gables with stone copings. Some of the windows have at various times been blocked up. The chimney stacks are really admirable, for example, that on the east elevation, of thin bricks, projecting and stepped. It has a square base moulded at the top, and the four octagonal shafts have moulded bases and caps with projecting spurs at the angles; and, as near as possible, that on the west elevation originally matched that on the east, though a little out of the true centre line.

There are interior features of considerable architectural interest. The property is for sale, with possession, next Tuesday at Wendover by Messrs. W. Brown and Co.

## ASTON HALL TO BE LET.

**L**IEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS LLOYD intends after the sale of the contents of Aston Hall, Salop, to let the mansion. Estone was valued in Domesday in the year 1086. The mansion has been practically rebuilt by successive generations of the vendor's family, considerable additions being made in 1867, the Palladian front and chief apartments dating from the closing years of the eighteenth century. The private chapel near the mansion was rebuilt in 1742, having been founded in 1594. The local tradition is that Dick Whittington, the famous Lord Mayor of London, was born on the Aston and Whittington estate. Among the paintings in the approaching auction is one of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Like Admiral Sir E. Harvey, one of Nelson's officers, he was a member of the vendor's family, for in 1804 William Lloyd married the Admiral's daughter. The Admiral lived at Rolls Park, Chigwell, Sir Francis Lloyd's Essex seat.

## SHREWSBURY CASTLE.

**L**ORD BARNARD is the present owner of Shrewsbury Castle. For so long a period the property has been in the hands of the old Shrewsbury bankers, the Downwards, that not a few had supposed that it belonged to them. The death of Miss Downward has been followed by instructions from her executors to Messrs. Barber and Son to sell the contents of the castle next month. The wealth of Shrewsbury in the matter of fine old houses was revealed in Mr. H. Avray Tipping's memorable series of articles in COUNTRY LIFE in February and March, 1920, on Shrewsbury. There is a movement to acquire the castle for the town.

The castle at Shrewsbury was built by Roger de Montgomery, a kinsman of William the Conqueror, who was created Earl of Shrewsbury, Chichester and Arundel. He also founded the Abbey, and was there buried in 1094. Soon after the Earl's death, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the castle was a Royal possession, of the first importance as a centre of government. Richard Onslow, lessee of the castle from Queen Elizabeth, transferred his interest to the people of Shrewsbury and, after various changes, it was again, in 1663, surrendered to the sovereign. In time it was presented to Viscount Newport, and in 1783 it passed to Frances, wife of Sir William Pulteney, Member for Shrewsbury. The Laura tower in the castle grounds commemorates her daughter, Countess of Bath. The Earl of Darlington, created Duke of Cleveland in 1833, next held the property, and in 1891 Shrewsbury Castle was bequeathed to the late Lord Barnard, whose son owns it. Any effort to acquire the castle for the public in perpetuity will be watched with sympathy.

## STOWELL PARK AUCTION.

**L**ORD ELDON'S Gloucestershire estate of 6,000 acres, Stowell Park, comes under the hammer of Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. at Cirencester on July 16th, the first lot, if the whole is not sold at once, being the mansion and 990 acres. Piercefield Park, near Chepstow, in the hands of the same firm for private treaty, is a typical example of the Adam style, containing mantelpieces painted by Angelica Kauffmann. The 567 acres command glorious views of the Wye valley and the Wyndcliff. From seventy to eighty years' purchase was obtained at Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co's auction of land at Fairford, near Gloucester, the total being £12,900.

The Model Village at Woldingham and forty-four sites at Upper Warringham are for sale shortly by Messrs. Battam and Heywood, who have sold The Friars, Radlett. Coming auctions by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. Cobb include, on July 10th at Shrewsbury, Kilhendre, a house in which is much old oak; on July 11th in London, The Beeches at Cowley; and, on the following day, The Node, Welwyn, 900 acres, consequent upon Sir Charles Nall-Cain's acquisition of Bocket Hall. A Hampstead property, Charlecote,

specially built to comply with an artist's own requirements, is to be sold at St. James's Square on July 3rd by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, who have disposed of a number of country properties in the last few days.

Marley House and 750 acres, belonging to Sir H. P. Carew, Bart., were bought in at Totnes, and Buckland Barton, 350 acres, at Newton Abbot, the latter for £13,000, through Messrs. Whitton and Laing, who, however, sold Hatchland Farm, Rattery, 248 acres, to the tenant for £6,400 and £233 for growing timber, and other lots at excellent prices.

## DEMAND FOR WEALDEN HOUSES.

**F**LISHINGHURST, Cranbrook, an Elizabethan house and 14 acres, recently illustrated in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE, found a buyer at Maidstone for £6,150, through Messrs. Winch and Sons. Margate building land, 170 acres between Palm Bay and Kingsgate, close to Cliftonville, has been sold through Messrs. Reeve and Bayly.

Catsfield Manor, Sussex, and park of 50 acres, having been sold by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith, that firm has now disposed of the whole of the 500 acres; also of Medstead House and 25 acres. They have purchased for clients from Messrs. Curtis and Henson, who represented Sir Harry Livesey, the vendor, Watlands, Scaynes Hill, a Sussex estate of 100 acres; and from Messrs. Norfolk and Prior St. Margaret's, Titchfield.

Last Tuesday Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, were to have offered a modern freehold town house in the Georgian style in St. Petersburg Place, but it had been privately sold in advance; and they notify the sale of the Crown lease of a house in Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park.

Kilchoan, Argyllshire, 800 acres on Loch Melfort, south of Oban, has been sold by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele. Wray Castle, Windermere, near Ambleside, a castellated house and 830 acres, is in the market.

Coles, Westmill, near Buntingford, a house rebuilt in the Elizabethan style in 1847, with 1,248 acres, in a good shooting country, and most convenient for the meets of the Puckeridge Hunt, will come under the hammer of Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons in London on July 24th, in twenty-five lots, of which the house and 454 acres are the first, the second being the former rectory house of Westmill, with 40 acres.

## A COUPLE OF HALLS.

**B**ARTON SEGRAVE HALL, near Kettering, is a mid-seventeenth century house, largely built of stone from the ruins of the castle that formerly stood on the estate. "Bertone" of the Domesday, it became known as "Berton Handred," after the family that later owned it, and when they died out and it passed to the Segraves, it took its present name, usually now rendered "Seagrave." From being against Edward I in the Civil War, Nicholas de Segrave changed to a warm adherent, and received a barony. His son, Marshal of England under Edward II, received a licence to embattle the seat, which stood to the south of the present house, on a site where the remains of the moat are still visible. John Bridges, the author of a History of Northamptonshire, was born in the house during his father's ownership of it, and about that time the avenues which are a feature of the property were planted. In 1792 the Dowager Viscountess Hood acquired the Hall, and in her family's hands it remained until a few years ago, when the present vendor bought it. Messrs. Harrods, Limited, are agents for the sale of the estate, which has just been withdrawn at an offer of £12,000.

South Pickenham Hall, near Swaffham, is quite a modern house, built about twenty years ago on the site of an old one; and the 5,000 acres in a ring fence contain centrally placed coverts, where from 3,000 to 4,000 pheasants have usually been reared. The hares, snipe and wild duck afford first-rate sport. The records of four days' partridge shooting on this estate have totalled over 3,150 birds. Flowing through the estate for four miles is the Wissey, whence four-pounder trout are taken. Being a purely modern house it has all matters such as heating, lighting and sanitation thoroughly up to the most exacting requirements. Messrs. Osborn and Mercer are the agents.

ARBITER.





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LE BILLET

DOUX

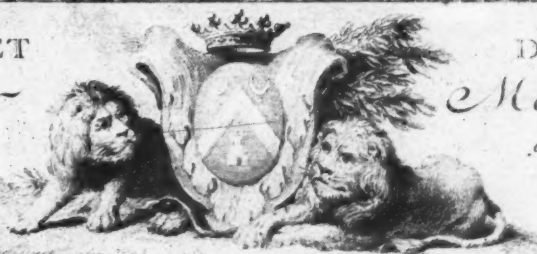
Dédié à Monsieur  
Conseiller Fermier Général

Menage de Pressigny,  
de Sa Majesté,

Tire du Cabinet de M. Menage de Pressigny

A Paris, chez De Launay, Graveur du Roy, rue de  
la Harpe, la porte cochée près la rue des Rats

A. P.



Par son très humble et très  
obéissant serviteur  
N. De Launay

D. R.